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LETTERS

a delicate balance

Rio Piedras, P.R.

DEAR SIRS: In the Texas *Observer*, where rhetoric and conviction are no such even-paced team as in *The Nation*, I found these two sentences shortly before the Chicago convention: "Americans conscientiously shocked and appalled by this war should not be trapped by the question, 'What will you do if it's Humphrey vs. Nixon?' . . . If the political bosses present us, who are the people, with this miserable choice, to hell with them; we will begin anew."

Well, they have presented us with the choice, and I for one am compromiser enough to hope *The Nation* will make it. Getting out of the war has to be a protracted and discouraging process in any event; and the nice balancers of words are already telling us that on domestic as well as foreign issues they can scarcely tell one of the two programs from the other; but the more that balances the more the scales tip. Balance for balance, I don't want to see Mr. Nixon and his States' rights friends administering our domestic policies. *Robert C. Stephenson*

how to spot one

Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIRS: I was amused by this passage from an article in the September 10 *Wall Street Journal*: "Patrolman Lin Fowler has turned to 'uncovering Socialists, pacifists and do-gooders in the civil rights movement.' Mr. Fowler, who mingles with newsmen to take photos of demonstrators, also keeps careful note of which civil rights leaders read such 'radical publications' as *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. He says the 'tip-off' that Communist influence is involved comes when someone 'talks about social change.'" *R. L. Zimmerman*

choice

Cleveland, O.

DEAR SIRS: I watched the political development in Czechoslovakia throughout the past six months from a vantage point inside East Germany, and had innumerable political discussions with Czech colleagues and friends. Benjamin Page's "The Voices of Prague," [*The Nation*, Sept. 9] seems to me a fair average of what the Czech intelligentsia thinks and wants. Thus I would recommend to every Socialist that he read Mr. Page's article together with Alexander Werth's bitter condemnation ["The Censorship War: What Moscow Fears," *The Nation*, Sept. 16], and then decide whether Mr. Werth's evaluation can possibly be considered the result of a balanced view of the Czechoslovak situation. *G. Kuerti*

the church in Greece

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed reading the review written by John Arthos on Seferis' *Collected Poems* [*The Nation*, Sept. 16]. I am, however, puzzled by the emphasis the author puts on the significance of the Greek church which "has preserved more of the ancient feeling . . . than religions of the West."

It seems to me that the very opposite is the case. Christianity and the Hellenic spirit have battled for centuries against each other; the early Christians behaved very much like Mao's Red Guards against the Greek culture; the Christian church, which called the Greeks *"mysaros"* (abominable), did not allow the overwhelmingly Greek Byzantine Empire to take the name of Hellenic Empire,

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EDITORIALS

The 'Austere' Defense Budget

Editorial writers, columnists, professors, sermonizers and others, whose attention is, as usual, directed elsewhere, could employ their talents usefully by scanning the *Congressional Record* (House) for September 11, pp. 8505-8532. The discussion, opened by the Hon. George Mahon (D., Tex.), concerns the largest single appropriation bill ever presented to the Congress in the history of the United States. The money, of course, is to be used for our "defense," which ranges all over the globe and out into space. In what can only be described as a love feast—marred slightly by a few easily dismissed objections by Rep. John G. Dow (D., N.Y.), Rep. Sidney R. Yates (D., Ill.) and a few others—the measure was explained, praised and made ready for passage.

The budget authority requested by the President was $77 billion, the amount recommended was $72.2 billion, making it appear that a reduction of $4.8 billion had been effected. The bill was touted as an "austerity budget," and one proponent said sorrowfully that "there may be those who will say that the bill as recommended is too austere, that the committee possibly cut too deeply." Anyone who comes to this conclusion needs a course in remedial reading. The cuts are largely phony. It is simply another case of the military-industrial complex raiding the Treasury.

One item labeled a "reduction" in the amount of $755 million was an application of funds appropriated in previous years to 1969 programs. A much more sizable misrepresentation was in the amount of the appropriation for Vietnam. Rep. Melvin R. Laird (R., Wis.) pointed out that in the past three fiscal years expenditures for our adventure in Southeast Asia had been underestimated by no less than $30 billion in appropriations and $20 billion in expenditures. "This underestimation of war costs," he suggested, "is one of the major causes of the tremendous increase in the cost of living we are experiencing today." On the basis of daily expenditures being incurred, the bill before the House, Mr. Laird said, underestimated the cost of the war by at least $4.5 billion.

Nobody was much worried by such caviling. "It seems to me," Mr. Mahon said in introducing the bill, "that we should show our unanimity. While this is an election year, it still behooves us all, because we are all in the same boat —Democrats and Republicans and Independents—to show our unanimity when it comes to the matter of defending the United States and standing firm against any enemy who would challenge our efforts to promote peace." Peace comes high, with $72 billion as a down payment.

The good fellowship of the House in doling out the tidbits evoked the atmosphere at a reunion of middle-aged college alumni after the fourth drink. L. Mendel Rivers, who needs no introduction, outdid himself in paying tribute to the "incomparable" Charlie Halleck. Mr. Rivers described the retiring Mr. Halleck as "one of the most amazing, most versatile, most dependable, most colorful, most congenial, and most effective men who ever served

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in the Congress. . . ." Rivers confessed that he did not know how to describe a "living institution," but he kept on trying for a few hundred words more.

Mr. Yates spoke to the question and called attention to the *Congressional Quarterly* finding, based on highly placed sources at the Pentagon, that $10.8 billion in "fat" could be cut out of the military budget (see editorial, *The Nation*, July 22, p. 37). He got short shrift. "This conclusion," Mr. Mahon pontificated, "is contrary to that of the Committees on Armed Services of the House and the Senate and the Committee on Appropriations of the House and the views of the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I do not believe the article is based on hundreds of hours of testimony and six volumes of printed hearings, as the pending bill is." Mr. Yates made one more effort and then sat down, having wasted his breath.

The electorate should realize that this budget is "the ball game." If some restraints are not imposed, there is not much use debating the other items before the Congress. Nor is there much point in talking about a redirected foreign policy, because as long as the President has the hardware and the manpower, the danger of further involvements will persist.

During his campaign, Senator McCarthy attempted to raise this crucial issue, but none of the nominees addresses himself to it. And since it has not been made a political issue, it will receive scant critical attention in Congress. Mr. Dow, at the end of his remarks, promised that renewed efforts would be made for cuts, and Senator Proxmire has a proposal to investigate defense profits. Action of this sort would help, but it falls far short of what is needed.

More 'Austerity'

This last summer the White House worked out a cozy bipartisan understanding to insure that legislation under which agricultural subsidies are paid would be quietly, and quickly, extended for one year. Since the existing legislation does not expire for a year, a one-year renewal would maintain the subsidy payments until 1971 and tie the hands of the new administration. With the plot so well grooved and greased, on both sides of the aisle, it was thought that a debate might be avoided.

But then Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.)—a spoilsport if ever there was one—moved an amendment which would eliminate from the program all subsidies of $20,000 or more to any one grower, and on July 31 managed to secure its adoption by a vote of 230 to 160. Several efforts to amend the legislation in this fashion failed in the Senate. Last week, the House voted to send the legislation to conference shorn of the Findley amendment. Mr. Findley then sought to be recognized for the purpose of offering a motion to instruct the House conferees to vote for a one-year extension with the $20,000 limitation, but he was not recognized. On another motion, the House voted to send the legislation to conference with no reference to the limitation. When it is reported back, it will doubtless be passed in its original form.

All the same, Mr. Findley succeeded in bringing out

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the facts concerning one of the least defensible of the numerous, largely bipartisan, "subsidies" which are being pushed through the Congress before the new administration takes office. As H. J. Maidenberg reported in a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine,* a lame duck can lay golden eggs. Part of Mr. Findley's achievement was to secure and place in the *Congressional Record* (September 9) the list, by states, of all growers who received $20,000 or more in subsidy payments for the year 1967. Had the $20,000 limitation been adopted, it would have reduced the costs of the program by $209,099,006. In twelve states no farmers received more than $20,000; in the Corn Belt states of Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, only sixty-six farmers were in this category. Of the 9,952 farmers whose payments exceeded $20,000, 8,778 were in fifteen cotton states—states many of whose Representatives think it sinful for mothers with dependent children to receive federal funds. Texas was a country mile ahead of all the others: 2,975 farmers were in the golden $20,000-or-more category, for a grand total of $99,619,326. Arizona and California also had long lists of $20,000-or-more recipients.

A measure of Congressional generosity in this moment of "austerity" is the fact that payments to cotton growers alone totaled $935 million last year, compared with an anti-poverty allocation of $1.75 billion.

Although he lost the battle, Mr. Findley may have won the war. This may be the last year of the big agricultural subsidies; in critical areas the program has not reduced surpluses nor maintained price levels. But for another year —really another two years—the fat cats of the cotton states, Arizona and California included, need not worry nor want.

Preserving Disorder

Wilhelm Vill, a 59-year-old steelworker from Valparaiso, Ind., received a letter from his runaway 16-year-old son, postmarked Chicago. He came up to hunt for him. "I looked at the TV and saw so many young people here," he told Magistrate Louis Gilberto of Chicago's Mass Arrest Court on September 10, "I thought I would be here too." At 11:30 on the morning of August 29, he asked two of Chicago's finest if they'd seen his boy in Lincoln Park. "What do you want here?" one of them responded. "Get out of here or I'll hit you."

Vill answered in his thick-toned German accent: "Hit me. I'm an old man." He was placed under arrest and charged with disorderly conduct. The police report was laced with a charge of drunkenness. "I don't even drink," Vill told Gilberto, who ordered him released.

Meanwhile, at City Hall, the thickest tongue in American politics was blaming outside agitators for the local miseries. Whatever truth there was in the Mayor's defense was riddled by his terrier-like crudeness, the odd, high giggle which freaked his responses, and his losing engagement with his native tongue. "It's the police job to preserve disorder," he tripped once.

A fine local film maker, Tom Paolozzo, is making a convention film which will compare the decline of the Roman Empire to Mayor Daley's Chicago. (The flailing billy clubs, for example, are photographed against the classical façades of Michigan Avenue.) In a time when the policeman's unhappy lot sees him here and there turning into a kind of Praetorian Guard, Paolozzo might be able to use a reminder from Gibbon's account of those bands formed by "the crafty tyrant" Augustus "to prevent or to crush the first motions of rebellion." Wrote the great historian, their "licentious fury was the first symptom and cause of the decline of the Roman Empire."

RICHARD STERN

Political Necessity: Cuban Style

The Cubans boast of the *élan* and moral excellence of their revolution. There is a great deal in what they say, as we have acknowledged in these pages more than once. It is the more dismaying, therefore, that Fidel Castro has seized the occasion of Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia to deliver a ranting—one is forced to say irresponsible—speech, the official translation of which has come to us in the *Granma* of Havana.

Prime Minister Castro admits that there was no legal justification for the Soviet intrusion: "Not the slightest trace of legality exists. Frankly, none whatever." Justification he finds, however, in political necessity. Czechoslovakia was falling into the hands of capitalist imperialism, and that was not tolerable to the Socialist world community. Leaving aside the conspicuous absence of any persuasive evidence that Czechoslovakia was so tending, Castro's position comes to saying that strong nations may trespass on small nations when they deem it appropriate to do so. Considering his belligerence—appropriate enough —against the United States, it is an odd stance.

He couples this with some veiled but rather cruel jibes at the Czechoslovaks, to the effect that Cubans would never allow a bully from the north to set foot on *their* soil; that they would never cry for outside help (here he accepts the transparent Russian myth that such a cry came from Prague) to save the purity of *their* socialism, since it is inconceivable that it could so far degenerate.

Castro is proud of the unified will of the Cuban people; he detects no unity in the people of Czechoslovakia but sees rather a nation worm-ridden by Yankee imperialism, succumbing to the blandishments of Latin American oligarchy and the cynicism of Yugoslav pseudo-communism. This core of his speech he embellishes with disdain for Communist endorsement of peace, relish for indications that the nuclear nonproliferation pact may be delayed or indeed abandoned after the recent Russian action, hope that an end has now been put to any commercial, cultural or political accommodation between East and West.

It would be inappropriate for an American magazine to lecture Castro on international relations or diplomatic manners, but he himself says in this speech that it is not incumbent on Cuba to interfere in the affairs of any sovereign power, including Czechoslovakia. Yet, for motives which one feels he does not divulge, he approves such interference on the part of Russia. He quotes a Latin American source as saying that the logic of Moscow's po-

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litical "necessity" could be applied to a similar action of the United States against Cuba, and adduces from this a hint of further plotting against his country. That, we believe, is not derivable from his citation, which means to point out that international morality is not subject to national convenience. According to Castro, the world is out of step with Cuba; his nation's progress has been great against great hazards, and the disorientation of viewpoint is understandable. While it persists, however, the moral stature of the Cuban revolution remains in hazard.

Failure To Plan

In an editorial, "Magic Words," *The Nation* (June 10, 1968) quoted Senator Byrd on the nation's school system: "I feel strongly that the closer we can keep the schools to the people, the more effective school system we will have. . . . I want the Federal Government to keep its hands off the operation of the schools in the various localities. . . . I want decentralization of the schools."

What Byrd wants, of course, is segregation. But as for decentralization, there is no magic in the word or the idea behind it; if proof of that is needed, the present unholy mess in the New York City school system provides it. Here decentralization was applied for therapeutic reasons, by people who would not be found dead with Byrd, yet it has resulted in near chaos. The primary reasons are two: first, integration of the schools was thwarted by white resistance, resulting in a demand for a large measure of school autonomy in the Negro and Puerto Rican ghettos; second, the experiment in decentralized education was not carefully planned. Obstacles would have been encountered in any case, but they could have been surmounted if reasonable foresight had been brought to the task. As it is, racial conflict is now complicating an already difficult task.

Given the situation in New York, experimentation in the area of decentralization was no doubt necessary. But the local board was set up hastily, so that even today no one knows to what extent it really represents the community. No realistic attempt was made to work out details in advance with the teachers' union and to reassure its members on the issue of job security. This almost guaranteed that Albert Shanker, the abrasive president of the union, would find a situation ready-made for a knock-down, drag-out fight. If willingness to go to jail is a virtue, then Shanker is virtuous, but it can scarcely be said that he has a genius for creative compromise. He does excel in abuse of the Mayor of the city and anyone else who does not see the situation from his viewpoint.

Whatever the duration of the teachers' strike and its outcome, a close look should be taken at the impenetrable bureaucracy that prevails in the New York public school system. Size in itself does not necessitate bureaucratic inefficiency—the bureaucracies of some large corporations are reasonably efficient, because the people who run them have the requisite managerial skills. But there are few such people in the city's educational system, and the problem of this entrenched, insensitive, shortsighted bureaucracy has never been tackled. If the schools are to be decentralized, there must nevertheless be a central administration to handle labor relations and allocation of funds, or the districts will be fighting one another.

While carefully planned decentralization is tried, the ideal of integration must not be dropped. It should be not only an ideal but the unwavering goal. "Integration" is not a magic word either; but the fact is, as many studies have shown (the Coleman Report among others), that children cannot receive quality education in segregated schools. As New York suffers the throes of a kind of re-segregation in parts of the city, a completely integrated school system is operating in Berkeley, and another in San Mateo. The problems of these California cities are not comparable to those of New York, but neither are they totally different. Looking across the country, the contestants in the New York struggle should not feel complacent. They might, in fact, be ashamed of themselves.

Franco's Price

Last week the Spanish Foreign Minister presented Franco's price for a renewal of the five-year agreement on bases, which expires September 26. Negotiations will continue for another six months if no agreement is reached by then, but if by March 26 the agreement is not renewed we shall have to remove our equipment, close the bases, and bring home some 25,000 servicemen and their dependents. Among other items, Franco's invoice includes: $1 billion in military aid over a period of five years; an upgrading of the agreement to the status of an alliance or pact (which would commit the United States to come to Spain's defense, as it is now committed to defend its NATO allies); greater rights to try U.S. "tourist" servicemen for crimes on Spanish territory outside the bases; and pressure on Britain to give up Gibraltar.

The price, which is about what *The Nation* expected, constitutes a form of blackmail. But in the end it will probably be paid—not all of it but most of it. The Pentagon has a high tolerance for blackmail of this kind. In addition we now have a substantial investment in Spain, quite apart from the bases. It has been estimated that 70 per cent of foreign investments in Spain are American and that 175 of the 300 largest American corporations have branches there. And, of course, the Russians have strengthened Franco's blackmail potential by increasing their naval forces in the Mediterranean.

The basic question is not whether the price is too high but whether the agreement should be renewed in any form. There are numerous signs of unrest in Spain. In August, the Spanish Government had to place one of the four Basque provinces under a form of martial law. Many Basques, according to *Newsweek* (August 19) were "quietly arrested and whisked away to jail incommunicado."

And there is the increasingly urgent problem of what happens when Franco, now in his 70s, passes from the scene. Franco has been frustrating those who speculate as to his demise for so long now that he has come to be regarded as immortal. But he is not. Nor is Salazar, age 79, who now lies near death in an iron lung following a stroke. His departure may well precipitate serious dis-

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orders in Portugal. The Communists have already announced, from Algiers, that the death of Salazar must be the death of Salazarism. The prospect of trouble in Portugal should be a sufficient reason for deferring action on the bases agreement. Should serious trouble occur, incidentally, it will be instructive to see how Washington reacts. What happens in Portugal could well foreshadow what might later happen in Spain.

New Politics Among Scientists

It is hardly surprising that the American Political Science Association and the American Sociological Society are beginning to accept responsibility for bridging the gap between national politics and the disciplines in which their members possess special knowledge and insight. [See "Political Science Discovers Politics" by David K. J. Morris, *The Nation*, September 23.] It is surprising, rather, that it took them so long—almost like a fire company stopping for a beer while responding to a general alarm. What was less to be expected is that many of those versed in the pure and applied sciences are also awakening politically.

Purdue University, which for many years has had the largest engineering student enrollment in the country, reports "impressive success" in the fourth year of its graduate study program on the effects of science and technology on society. In some cases a man with a Ph.D. in mathematics, engineering, chemistry or physics, after ten years of research in his specialty, decides to return to Purdue to earn another Ph.D., which will enable him to work directly in the public policy area, with his scientific expertise as a background. Many undergraduates also take introductory courses in political science.

On a larger scale, the American Institute of Physics has been involved in controversy over the relation between physics and politics. It began when, in May, 1967, Charles Schwartz of the University of California wrote a letter to the institute's monthly, *Physics Today*, beginning "I am one of a great many Americans who believe that the present course of this country's actions in Southeast Asia is wrong, dead wrong," and arguing that with physics "firmly tied" to government and business, physicists must share the responsibility. The editors refused to print the letter, whereupon Professor Schwartz offered an amendment to the constitution of the American Physical Society, the most prominent member society of AIP, which would permit APS members to "express their opinion, will or intent on any matter of concern to the society. . . ." After months of debate, the amendment came to a vote and lost, 9,214 against, 3,553 for. But, as the editor of *Physics Today* wrote in the August issue, the controversy "brought to the surface considerable turbulence that apparently has been bothering many for some time," and the campaign "has strengthened our conviction that the physicist is concerned and wants to be involved"—as an individual. So Schwartz and his supporters have not labored in vain.

Traditionally, engineering has been regarded as the most conservative of the professions, yet the Engineers Joint Council bimonthly, *Engineer*, with a circulation of about 450,000, encourages political discussion in its pages. Its editorial policy seems to be based on the premise that since engineering plays a large part in the physical and economic functioning of the coutry, engineers should concern themselves on a national scale with the societal effects of technological activity.

Not to be neglected in this area is the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, an international organization which for nearly twenty years has been teaching that scientists, engineers, physicians, et al., should strive to foresee the results of their professional work, and as far as possible confine themselves to beneficial projects. Each individual draws his own line as to what is beneficial. By dint of self-sacrificing effort on the part of its officers and members, SSRS has had a liberalizing influence on science and engineering out of all proportion to its resources.

Clean Minds

Ronald Reagan is making sure that California's kiddies will have clean minds as well as the proverbial sound bodies. The State Board of Education, dominated by Reagan appointees, has just "cleaned up" four literature books for seventh and eighth graders. These pupils of 13 and 14 will not have their minds corrupted by such corrosive phrases as "For Christ's sake," "Damn you," or "What the hell!"

This is one more stirring triumph for the "Creative Society" of Governor Reagan, that model of decorum and civility. However, he faces an even bigger problem with the University of California, which is bringing Eldridge Cleaver on campus to participate (no state funds will be used) in an experimental course on the "dehumanization and regeneration of the American social order."

Cleaver, author of *Soul on Ice* and "Minister of Information" for the Black Panthers, is known to use earthy language, as a *Newsweek* article on one of his speeches demonstrates:

> So I have to say [ ] the White House [ ] the electoral system, and [ ] all the pigs and [ ] the power structure . . . . You can take all your wallets, credit cards and cut your mother [ ] necks.

Max Rafferty (known affectionately in California as "the Blue Max") has been having a fit about Cleaver's recognition by the university, as one might expect. He and his followers see it as another example of the way California's state colleges and universities are undermining all the excellent work being done by all the good, clean-cut, law and order loving people of the state. They keep crying out about how these academic institutions are full of "sex maniacs, atheists and fanatical revolutionaries," but so far their words have fallen on strangely deaf ears.

With newspapers and radio and television programs full of Vietnam death counts and violence—not to speak of sex—and with much more open, realistic and healthy attitudes toward sex evident through all our society, the attempt to shelter teen-agers from a few swear words becomes comic. The California education system is in crisis; by wasting its time on trivia, the Board of Education makes itself the laughingstock of the country.

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PARIS

RENDEZVOUS IN OCTOBER

JOHN FREARS

Mr. Frears teaches in the Department of Politics at Nottingham University, England. He was lecturing at Nantes University last year and so saw the events of last spring in France at first hand.

France is preparing to reopen for business after the summer vacation. In October Parliament will reassemble, students will return to faculties where the red flag and the black floated a few brief months ago; plants, schools and offices, where 9 million workers were on strike, will be back to diligent normalcy. But some Frenchmen hope, and more fear, that the "May Revolution" will keep, in the words of the militants' slogan, its "*rendez-vous en octobre.*"

The ashes of May are still smoldering. Student leaders have not spent the summer acquiring sun tans. The second highest rate of industrial unemployment in Western Europe, rapidly rising prices, housing shortages, regional imbalance—no basic cause of industrial unrest has miraculously disappeared. The Gaullist government, in an impregnable parliamentary position after the June electoral landslide, has also spent a busy summer, preparing tactics to prevent the revival of last spring's near-insurrectionary situation. Its field of maneuver is defined by three strategic assumptions. The first is that in spite of social discontent, no political or industrial challenge need be feared for the moment. Second, that trouble, if there is any, will start, as in May, at the universities. Finally, the Gaullist electorate is, above all else, a "law and order" constituency and will require a demonstration of vigorous enforcement.

On the industrial front the government can count on at least a few months' respite. The general strike in May, which very nearly caused—and which, if better led, would have caused—the fall of the Pompidou administration, was never really an insurrection against capitalism but more an infectiously seized moment of opportunity to press wage claims. (That at any rate, was the analysis, or possibly the excuse, of the Communist party, which is supposed to be the specialist in the revolution business, and of the CGT, the big Communist-led union.) And insurrection or no, family budgets were too hard hit by the strike for there to be much immediate enthusiasm for further industrial action. For the moment, the wage increases that were won by the strike will stay ahead of rising prices, and full-time work (for those who have jobs) is assured by the backlog of strike-delayed orders and by a consumer demand that has been swollen by those same wage increases.

In addition, the unions and the left-wing political parties are badly split. In recent years, aware that without unity it could never challenge Gaullist power, the Left had been trying to build a popular front alliance between Communists and non-Communists. This unity crumbled in May. The old Communist paranoia of being overtaken on the Left appeared once again and the party strove night and day to break up the revolution they are supposed to be in business to bring about. The moment of opportunity to overthrow the government came and went. The voice of the Left echoed hollow with the failure to incarnate a unified popular voice, and emitted the discordant note of illicit opportunism. Since it was unable to look like an alternative government, the Left's electoral massacre was inevitable, and the administration will have no worries from that quarter for a considerable time to come. The left-wing parties, like the Democrats after Chicago, no longer represent even the aspirations of progressives in the universities. The enthusiasm of the student movement for socialism is equaled only by its scorn for the old political parties who officially endorse that philosophy.

So de Gaulle's first priority is to neutralize the universities as incubators of subversion. University reform will not wait. Every faculty in France spent the strike-bound weeks evolving elaborate constitutions for self-government. At Nantes, for example, we all sat down under the chairmanship of the gentle and conservative dean to draft, down to the last detail of voting procedure, proportional representation by slate and parity of student participation, a document which would govern the future operation of the faculty. It was precise, elegant, probably unworkable and totally illegal. Yet the consigning of these documents to the wastebasket is inconceivable, and the slates returned by the elections that have already taken place show that the government will find few allies among the professors, two-thirds of whom supported the aims, if not in every case the methods, of the student movement.

The wily and experienced Edgar Faure, Minister of Education in the new Couve de Murville cabinet, read the situation and showed his hand before the vacation. The universities are to be killed with kindness. Far from trying to oppose change, to maintain the old hierarchical structure, to reassert the old ministerial control, Faure, with as many liberal advisers as he can get his hands on, intends to outreform the reformers. Local autonomy? By all means! Changes in the Napoleonic examination system? Should have been done years ago! The right of students to hold political meetings on campus? Basic democracy, *mon cher!* All this will be very good for the French universities, but it should have the additional advantage, from the government's point of view, of splitting the moderate students and a large number of professors from the militant student leadership. This is not certain. The professors' union SNESUP and the students' UNEF were collaborating closely throughout the strike and neither will have failed to notice the implication of the Faure strategy. The great strength of the student movement (and the weakness of its inability to define precise

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aims) came from the fact that its protest was not limited to demands for a few university reforms and improved conditions for students. It threw itself against the whole ethos of an industrial society (both the capitalist and the bureaucratic varieties) and refused its future role of a technocratic elite administering to a mindless army of consumers. (Industrial workers, not unnaturally, view this attitude with a certain disdain.) Student leaders, therefore, will not want even to discuss reform with Faure. Many professors will share this generous and sweeping but essentially unpractical point of view, but a majority, even of those on the Left, will probably take the view that half a loaf (of good quality) is better than no bread.

The Faure strategy therefore presents a serious problem for those who wish to keep revolutionary ardor alive. The only thing that could cement the unity of professors and student leaders, that could perpetuate the radicalization of the student majority, is police brutality directed against student demonstrators. That is precisely what the government's electoral commitment to law and order could bring about, under conditions that would destroy its own hopes for the Faure reforms. The revolutionary's best friend is therefore Minister of the Interior Marcellin who, in fighting speeches up and down the land, promises that not even the most elementary prudence will deflect him from his duty to smash sedition. General de Gaulle is the prisoner of the law and order faction. He knows that only stylish nationalism, the careful maintenance of the interests of wealth and big business and the fear of communism have kept his essentially right-wing electorate behind his highly unorthodox initiatives: Algeria, a pro-Soviet, anti-American foreign policy, economic interventionism. He also knows that, if law and order break down again, the alternative to Gaullism is more likely to be, not communism as the electorate was told, but a military *coup d'état* from the extreme Right of the kind by which he himself was brought to power in 1958.

The government's need to de-fuse the spirit of revolution in the universities is its most urgent priority. To do this it must sell university reform, and at the same time it must show its supporters that it is not soft on subversives. This will work very nicely if the Faure reforms gain wide acceptance, leaving only a small intransigent minority, isolated as "unreasonable," to be dealt with by M. Marcellin's police.

M. Marcellin, however, with the approval of a vociferous Right, has spent the summer rounding up the idealistic and (among students) popular leaders of Jeunesse Communiste Revolutionnaire and other proscribed organizations. The events of May proved that if there is one slogan above all others that unites all students, commands the sympathy of the teaching profession, and insures maximum participation in demonstrations, it is Free our Comrades. If Marcellin gets in with suppression before Faure gets in with reform, there will be trouble in France this fall.

Even if the government makes sufficient errors to encourage further disturbances, however, it is difficult to envisage stupidity on a scale large enough to provoke trouble on the divided and weakened industrial front (serious though worker discontent is). With dissenting journalists dismissed (including major TV personalities), television is safely in the government's hands once again. Gaullists have a further, if improbable, ally in that most

conservative of organizations, the French Communist party. Its Stalinist reflexes can be depended upon to prevent any danger of united action on the Left, while providing an indispensable scarecrow to keep middle-of-the-road voters out of the beckoning fields of political change. In May and June the government was able to pin on the Communists the blame for the barricades which the party had denounced from the outset, and for the strike pickets it could not command. The least that the General, in simple gratitude, can do is to continue a foreign policy that in the past has earned one of the highest words of praise in the Communist vocabulary: the epithet "positive."

With disunity on the Left, no coordinated voice for social and industrial discontent, and the universities alienated from the political parties, all de Gaulle need do is stay the heavy hand of M. Marcellin's police long enough for those who refuse M. Faure's reforms to look isolated and unreasonable. Then he will be able to get back to his dossier marked "*Grandeur de la France*" and once more forget about the French.

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CRISIS AND HOPE

A Conversation with Jean-Paul Sartre

Jean-Paul Sartre visited Rome in August, and while there was interviewed by *Paese Sera*. We print herewith a section of the conversation. The translation is by Herbert Weinstock.

In the ferment that is agitating—and which characterizes—the whole democratic area of the world, what chief duties and roles do you assign to the intellectuals?

Naturally, the intellectuals do not, as intellectuals, make politics. But to the extent that they participate in events and live in history, they have the exclusive duty to attempt analysis of events, to examine situations freely, to identify positive and negative peculiarities, to denounce, to scrutinize and to speak out—all without hypocrisy and outside any false respectful consensus. For example, it is precisely because I deeply respect the history of the Soviet Union and am anything but an anti-Communist that I feel it my duty today to condemn without reservation the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

You say that analysis is the intellectuals' function, but in what way can they become involved in the synthesis of history?

By allying themselves with the working classes. I would even say that they can be conceived of only through the functioning of such a link. We saw a significant example of the necessity for this constant, living rapport in France last May, when students and workers fought together. But it appears that the Communist parties everywhere harbor doubts as to the validity of such an alliance.

Doesn't it seem to you that the Communist parties—or, at least, many of them—have tried to carry forward a constructive, concrete organizing operation of the kind that is indispensable to every political struggle?

Yes, that has happened too. The Italian Communist party has not lagged behind, and has made its own the demands of the young; their struggles have been supported, sustained, defended. But things went differently in France. And it was precisely the Communist party that agreed to having the movement brusquely shut off. In my view, it committed an error.

Today, all the same, the French Communist party has taken positions in favor of Czechoslovakia. How do you judge its attitude of yesterday with respect to that of today?

I should say that we are dealing with two contradictory attitudes. In France 10 million people wanted revolution, but the Communist party rejected them. Also one might say that in part there is a close analogy in the antitheses of Czechoslovaks and Soviets, students and French Communist party.

But the France of de Gaulle is not Dubcek's Czechoslovakia. Perhaps it is not legitimate to unleash a rebellion if there is no certainty that it will prevail; perhaps a revolution in a capitalist, industrial country with an ancient historical tradition needs different, less conspicuous instrumentalities.

Certainly I am not speaking of revolution in a traditional sense. To be more exact, we might say that what both the French workers and the French students were demanding was revolutionary reforms. But—I repeat—the French party preferred not to make these demands its own. That is not the way to achieve the constitution and reinforcement of a New Left upon which it would truly be possible to place humanity's hopes. Nonetheless, that New Left now exists and is on the move, growing, consolidating itself. The young come to it by various roads: Catholics, atheists, Marxists, pacifists. Also Maoists and Trotzkyites. How ignore them if they exist, if they make up a living, objective reality? They are diverse, but they are allied by the desire to unite against common perils: war, destruction, slavery—in short, against the fruits of the capitalist world. It is necessary to receive them, accept them, understand them, for the future of humanity is in them. In Paris, even children of 10 are now eager to join the student movement. And in May the boys who made up the basic committees in every quarter were only a little older: much less than 20 years of age.

On the basis of these considerations and, on the other hand, in view of events meant to stifle the healthiest instincts of society, what is your outlook for the world?

A hard question. Precisely because of the constant presence of such stimuli and forces, the world of today is complex, chaotic, terrible, and yet full of promise. To express overall judgments certainly is not easy—much less to hazard programs.

I have been led toward pessimism, but I hold that the only hope in the overdramatic situation through which we are living is offered by those who struggle to change things, who have the courage to imagine and propose new realities, who know how to destroy myths and stereotypes in the name of man and of his right to life—those, in short, who fight for peaceful coexistence and for democracy. Today the Soviet model is no longer valid, suffocated as it is by bureaucracy. The model that was being developed in the new Czechoslovak movement may, on the other hand, attract many men. In that sense, Prague, beyond being the highest testimony to Socialist civilization, is a hope.

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MEXICO CITY

FLAGS, TANKS AND STUDENTS

G. M. BERGMAN
Mr. Bergman is a West Coast businessman who has published widely in the magazines of that area.

A great student strike has been going on in Mexico City since July 26, involving well over 100,000 students of the huge National University and twenty-nine affiliated schools. The army has invaded several campuses; many students have been killed. I visited Mexico in August and saw some of the action, especially on the evening of August 27, when 300,000 students and supporters put on a great march through Mexico City ending on the Zocalo, the central square that lies before the Presidential Palace and the cathedral.

My wife and I were watching from the sidewalk by our hotel when suddenly we became inadvertent participants of this march. Our elbows were seized by a group of exuberant students and we were lifted off our feet into the line of march. We demurred, but the kids held us firm, and were so full of enthusiasm, so eager to have us, that we followed the line of least resistance and marched along. Soon we reached the Zocalo, where we all sat down on the cement to await the rest of the marchers.

What were the marchers like, what was it all about? We saw that best from the sidelines before we got drawn in. Most marchers were students, aged 15 and up, boys and girls. They came from a whole complex of schools affiliated with the university, preparatory, normal and technical, many of which would be called high schools in the states. We saw no one with long hair or far-out dress.

Besides the students, there were great numbers of teachers and professors. There were parents, both mothers and fathers, workers, small businessmen and proprietors (looking the part), farm laborers, and a general mass of adults, including one elderly blind man. Banners identified each group of supporters. Medical students and nurses were prominent in white. All cars, buses and ambulances in the march were school property.

Placards told a story. One said the real agitators were "*Ignorancia, Hambre* (hunger) and *Miseria.*" Another placard contrasted the lot of a political prisoner with the high life of a government official. Many small placards called for freedom for such prisoners. Another sign accused the government of assassinating a number of students who have disappeared.

A great many placards depicted Juarez and other patriotic heroes of Mexico's past. These expressed the theme of the demonstration, which was that the student movement was carrying on the "historic forward march" of the Mexican people, while the government was thwarting that march.

Displayed prominently, too, were the six demands of the march: Removal of Police Chief Cueto Ramirez and two assistants; dissolution of the Corps of Grenadiers (riot police); repeal of article 145 of the constitution, which gives the government extraordinary powers to deal with subversion; indemnification of the families of slain students; investigation of those responsible, and freedom for all political prisoners.

When the Zocalo was filled, the march became a meeting. Speakers began addressing it from atop a school bus, the national flag beside them. The first speaker brought cry on cry of *Viva Mexico!* from the kids around us. The next read a list of political prisoners, eighty-six names in all, and after each name the crowd would shout *Libertad!*

Then a bugle sounded taps, and everyone stood in respect for the student dead. My wife had difficulty rising; many helping hands reached for her. The next speaker, an impassioned woman teacher, said her generation had had a poor education, wanted the young to have a better one. The next talked of the government's repressive policy, said that if a farm laborer asked for better wages or tried to join an effective union, his employer spoke to the police and the man was jailed.

The meeting ended at 9:40 P.M. with the singing of the national hymn. Then the crowd made torches out of newspapers and held them aloft; it was a memorable sight, with the ancient cathedral and Presidential Palace in the dark background. Some 3,500 students stayed on after the meeting to make a "permanent" demonstration, but three hours later, at 1 A.M., they were driven off by army tanks. From my hotel I heard them shouting in the night, and wondered why.

Next morning my wife and I walked down to the square. No students were there, but a cordon of police and secret service men formed a large circle around a flagpole in the center. They were there, one told me confidentially, to prevent the students from taking down a flag—a strike flag put up the night before—because they wanted to show the public "what the students were like."

The small, red and black flag hung limp on the pole. We retreated to the cathedral steps to await what would happen next. Soon hundreds of Grenadiers filed onto the square. Next, government trucks drove up and discharged hundreds of farm workers taken from their jobs, who joined the cordon around the flagpole. Great numbers of office workers came out of the Presidential Palace and other government buildings and joined the group around the pole. Then I noticed a file of thirteen army tanks coming down Moneda, a side street. A well-dressed, middle-aged man said to me: "You are about to see a small part of Mexico's history take place." (Ironically, American tourists filed in and out of the ancient cathedral, reading their guidebooks on its history, seemingly unaware of or uninterested in current history.)

At 1 P.M. a municipal bus drove up to the flagpole. On its top were cameramen who took pictures as the strike flag was hauled down and burned on top of the bus. Then, to cheering by the government supporters, the national flag was raised on the pole, looking silken and resplendent

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by comparison with the homemade strike pennant. The cathedral bells tolled, rung by two government supporters plainly visible in the bell tower. No spectators cheered.

Suddenly, a few students dashed up and snatched their charred emblem from the top of the bus, wrapped it in newspapers and walked off. Then from another direction I heard the chant of the students, the *Huellum! Huellum!* (pronounced wayloom, holding the oom) of the university yell, as 500 of them came marching around the square, right into the midst of police, government workers and supporters, and poised tanks. Along they came, chanting slogans and that college yell, in a very orderly manner. The spectators cheered them, out of support either for their principles or for their courage. They marched to the front of the Presidential Palace, still shouting.

Then a loud-speaker ordered everyone to disperse. Spectators ran for refuge to the cathedral, but it barred its door in their faces, though many were women, some elderly. Next, the light tanks (wheel and tire vehicles) dashed from the side street directly into the students, running at them like hounds after prey. Soldiers with fixed bayonets followed. The students fled down Madero, from which rapid gunfire broke out. My wife and I ducked into a café. The proprietor closed the steel shutters, blocking out the street. All was quiet, except the high wail of ambulances. We heard later that two bystanders had been killed by gunfire, and a little girl run down by a tank. The army said the gunfire was prompted by sniper attacks from an office building balcony. Two office buildings on Madero are pock-marked with about twenty-five bullet holes, up high, some through windows.

Emerging from the café, we found the whole area cordoned off by the army and riot police. We returned to the hotel to read the daily papers, of which there are many. The front page of every paper blew up large the flagpole incident, played down or completely ignored the great march and meeting of the night before. Photos showed the flag crowd as large, talked of "popular vindication" of the national flag and of the "*delirio*" and "*emoción*" roused by its raising.

For the next few days the papers were full of the flag incident. News articles and editorials talked of the student "profanation" of and "insult" to the flag. President Diaz Ordas was quoted as saying that Mexico could have only one flag. A half-page ad proclaimed the formation of a coalition of organizations to vindicate the flag, and one paper dedicated the whole month of September to the flag.

However, two carpenters in a restaurant commented to me that the flag raising was "*forzado*" (forced), done by order of the government. That was how it appeared to me.

I found the article which questioned the flag incident in the moderate paper *Excelsior*. Columnist Gomez Arias said the flag furor was based on a false premise. The students hadn't insulted the national flag, for no flag normally flies on that pole in the Zocalo. The students had merely hoisted their strike flag on an empty pole.

The student banner, said Arias, "flew on high with the idea not of treason but of a strike. It was not a dirty rag, nor a cloth without history. It was not the flag of a foreign power, not the insignia of communism. Rather, it symbolized the longing for justice, the cry for vindication

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from the exploited, the poor. And when they nail up this flag in factories and shops, no one, with reason, may call them traitors." It would be a sad day, said Arias, if the young had desecrated the emblem of "Mexico's sorrowful history and expression of hope for the future," but such was not the case.

Columnist Arias drew attention to the student march and meeting, which he said was not forced but voluntary, and was a "memorable spectacle the significance of which it would be impossible to conceal." Who, he said, seeing that "torrent of humanity of such magnitude" could doubt the "interest of the Mexican people in political and social problems"?

I would agree with Gomez Arias. Two weeks earlier, my wife and I had observed another huge demonstration on the Zocalo. We saw 100,000 students face the Presidential Palace and call for Diaz Ordaz to come out and answer their petition; they received no response. They thereupon burned an effigy of Police Chief Cueto Ramirez, in the form of a gorilla, in the very doorway of the palace.

As best I could learn, the precipitating event of the strike was the army's invasion of a university-affiliated school to quell a fracas over girls on July 26. Several students were killed. Students in the whole university system struck to protest the deaths and the violation of university autonomy, which is written into the Mexican constitution.

The struggle has since escalated into one with wide political implications. The government has not at any time responded favorably to student demands. It claims a "Red conspiracy" and uses armed force to the point where the Defense Minister, General García Barragan, denied to the press in late August that the administration contemplated a military or civil dictatorship. The students, in a printed brochure, *Porqué?*, scoff at the Red conspiracy charge, saying it is merely a "*pretexto*" to justify armed repression.

Students claim that some thirty to forty of their number have been killed, and show in addition a list of thirty-seven students who have disappeared. No casualty figures are available. The government is especially sensitive right now, for the International Olympics Committee could cancel the October games if Mexico cannot demonstrate its tranquillity. And reports of turmoil generally scare tourists —a serious matter in a country where tourism is a major industry.

In mid-August the Student Strike Council asked for a "dialogue" with the government, but arrangements broke down when the government wanted the talks private, while the students wanted them on television. With the situation becoming worse, the strike council called for wisdom and moderation, and repeated its call for dialogue, saying this time that it need not be on TV. It asked students not to taunt riot police, and shifted from a policy of immediate confrontation to one of carefully organizing itself and its supporters "district by district, block by block," throughout the city.

To me, and to many tourists, the overriding problem in Mexico is poverty, and I am certain that it is what motivates the strike. I was not surprised when a newspaper reported that "thousands of slum dwellers" supported a student demonstration, and the strike council claimed many adherents among the poor.

For the first time in years the ruling PRI party (Institutional Party of the Revolution) is being seriously challenged on issues that may break its virtual monopoly in Mexico. There might come another revolution in Mexico. Many students, I heard, were reading Che Guevara.

VERDICT ON HUEY NEWTON

AN OVERSUPPLY OF DOUBT

WILBUR WOOD
Mr. Wood is news and features editor of the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

San Francisco

When I first started driving over to the Alameda County Courthouse in Oakland for the trial of Huey P. Newton, the Black Panther leader, I assumed he had done what The Man had charged him with: killed one Oakland policeman, wounded another, in an early morning shootout at Seventh and Willow last October 28.

I knew that, curiously, the murder weapon had not been found, and that Newton had taken a shot through the stomach. The word on the street, I'd heard, was that John Frey, the dead pig (a cop is a pig to a man on Seventh), had been caught in a cross fire.

I knew that so far the other officer, Herbert Heanes, was the only prosecution eyewitness. He said Frey had been walking Newton toward a police car—to frisk Newton, I assumed, again—when Newton pulled a gun and opened up. A cop, I figured, *would* say that. I wondered what had really happened.

Assistant District Attorney Lowell Jensen turned up another eyewitness. He had actually had him all along, but did not reveal this fact to Newton's attorney, Charles Garry, until four days before the prosecution opened its case. (The trial, with jury selection, lasted seven weeks.)

The eyewitness was a man named Henry Grier, a Negro bus driver who lived in Hayward, a mostly white suburb of Oakland. Too good to live with his own people? I could hear myself thinking. And then double-think: but why should any man live in a slum?

Grier had been a bus driver for AC transit two years now; before that, something like twenty years in the Navy.

Veteran. Workingman. A big man, too. Grier's broad

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shoulders are set high. His eyes widen as he acts out the positions of Newton and Frey as he, Grier, drives up in his bus.

Grier demonstrates how Newton wheeled away from Frey and opened up on Heanes; he explains how Frey and Newton struggled for the gun. Then he stands and aims his cocked index finger at the floor, showing Huey pumping shots into Frey's back.

Into Frey's *back*? But the first time Grier described the shooting—an hour and a half after it happened, to an Inspector McConnell—Grier said Frey fell on his back, face up. Why the discrepancy? (The fatal shot entered Frey's back, the autopsy decided.)

There are gaping contradictions in the prosecution's whole case, but Grier's are the ones to concentrate on, for his is the key prosecution testimony.

On October 28, Grier described the man who shot Frey as: "a peewee sort of a guy," under 5 feet tall, about 125 pounds; wearing a black shirt, tan jacket and black hat. On August 7 and 8, testifying before Superior Court Judge Monroe Friedman and a jury of twelve middle-class citizens of Alameda County, Grier pointed to Huey Newton and said: This is the man.

But Newton, though slender, is no "peewee," is 5 feet 10, weighs about 160. And more important, he was wearing a *white* shirt, *black* jacket, black *beret* (not hat). These bloodstained clothes are all in evidence.

Grier was shown pictures of Newton on the morning of October 28. He couldn't say positive, he said then, if Newton was the man. It was dark and the man had his face down, he told McConnell.

The transcript made from the tape-recording McConnell took of Grier's October 28th statement had a key error in it, and the error almost made it through to the jury, despite Garry's objections. The transcript read that Grier "did" get a clear view of Newton's face, when the context of the sentence (there are three negative verbs besides the one in question) clearly indicated it should be "didn't."

The 72-year-old Judge Friedman turned down Garry's original request to have the transcript corrected. All the evidence was in, the judge said, and the jury is out. Rules are rules. But when Friedman heard the actual recording of Grier's voice, he ordered the record changed to "didn't."

Newton was charged with first-degree murder (Frey) and assault with a deadly weapon (Heanes), as well as kidnapping, a charge which was subsequently thrown out when the kidnapping "victim," Dell Ross, refused to testify against Newton on the ground that he might incriminate himself (he took the Fifth Amendment).

Incriminate yourself of *what* wondered Prosecutor Jensen aloud, and then granted Ross immunity from incriminating himself. Immunity, that is, against everything but perjury. If Ross contradicted his grand jury testimony —in which he had said the wounded Newton waved a gun at him and told him to drive to Kaiser Hospital—Jensen would have Ross up for perjury plenty fast.

Ross then suddenly lost his memory. He couldn't remember anything about October 28, 1967. He couldn't remember testifying before the grand jury. Jensen read Ross's whole grand jury testimony into the record, "to refresh the witness's memory," but it didn't help.

Ross also could not remember, when Garry arose to cross-examine, going to Garry's office and taping a statement which Garry played in court—"to refresh the witness's memory."

In Garry's tape, Ross had said some interesting things.

Huey P. Newton

He had lied to the grand jury, he said, because the police had warrants out on him, some parking tickets, and he did not want to go to jail. Newton had been taken to the hospital in Ross's car all right, but he was "kinda out," doubled over his gut wound, in the back seat. Newton had no gun. The man with the gun was a darker-skinned Negro (Ross is also a Negro), and this man with the gun sat in front and issued directions.

But since Ross refused to remember anything in court, the judge had to throw out all his testimony and acquit Newton of that charge.

Who was this other man? The prosecution never seemed to want to find out. They had their case against Newton and didn't want to muddy it up. There was another person

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in the car Newton was driving that early morning, but the prosecution never produced him.

Officer Heanes described him: about Newton's height, white shirt and tie, maybe a mustache. So one day Garry had this man sworn in as a witness for the defense. His name is Gene McKinney. McKinney didn't have much to say, because he didn't want to incriminate himself. Yes, he was the passenger. And, no, Newton had had no gun that night and shot no one. But that's all he would say, and Jensen did not want to grant him immunity to testify. What if he testified that he shot Heanes and Frey?

The judge sent McKinney to jail for taking the Fifth Amendment in contempt of court.

The prosecution had its case against Newton, and the white power structure in Oakland badly wanted Newton's neck. Because Huey Newton has a very good head on his shoulders and knows how to organize black people.

The whites do not want the black people of Oakland organized. Black people, they fear, are going to take over the city in a few years. Already blacks number one-third of the 400,000 population. Already black kids number 50 per cent of the school population. Schools that were lily white ten years ago are now mostly black.

Even whites who are willing to integrate tend to "moralize downward," to assume that the majority culture is superior, and that the minority culture should simply dissolve into the bigger stew.

Charles Garry calls this sort of thing "subjective racism." He talked a lot about subjective racism during the jury selection. He talked about the report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders and its conclusion that white racism was at the root of the American race problem. Had any of the prospective jurors—the white ones—heard of white racism? Not very many. Garry had to define it again and again.

To Judge Friedman all this was simply annoying. "Huey Newton is not on trial here," he said one day, "because of any ideas he may have about the social system."

I think he is, said Garry.

I believed Newton to have done the shooting, but I believed also that that was not the point. I felt that Newton probably had done it in self-defense. Frey's death, to my way of thinking, was unfortunate, but it was probably justifiable homicide.

Frey had made a lot of very bitter enemies in the ghetto; he was one of the worst of the "pigs." He'd hang around, said one of Garry's witnesses, until he could find something wrong—a cracked taillight or something—or he simply would invent an infraction, like faulty brakes. Then he'd write out a ticket.

I knew about the John Freys on Oakland's police force. They are numerous. I knew about the cops' list of Panther vehicles. The cops would hold outstanding warrants—for minor traffic violations—on these cars. Then they would bust the car at a convenient time, perhaps when the Panthers were patrolling the ghetto for signs of police harassment of black people.

That is how Newton got stopped on October 28. The Volkswagen did not belong to him; it belonged to his fiancée, Laverne Williams. Laverne had two parking tickets—both from Berkeley. Frey found that out over the radio, after he called in to ask if there were any outstanding warrants on this "known Panther vehicle" he was about to stop at Seventh and Willow. The warrants were there, but Frey couldn't serve them on Newton because he was not the registered owner.

The prosecution claims that Newton failed to identify himself properly to Frey. (As if Frey did not know who Newton was.) It claims that Newton showed Laverne Williams' auto registration to Frey, but did not show his own driver's license.

Frey started to write out a ticket, but he made the mistake of putting Lavern (he left off the "e") Williams' *name* down, but Huey Newton's *address*. How did he get Newton's address if Newton did not identify himself?

Cops used to hound the Negroes who conked their hair and dressed up in slick suits. These were the obvious pimps, dealers, criminals. The guys with the Cadillacs. Now the cops hound the blacks who leave their hair alone and wear African colors. They are the new criminal element in the ghetto, but they are *political* criminals: revolutionaries.

Newton is a leader of revolutionaries. He wants the white man's cops ("the occupying army"), the white man's businesses, the white man's government *out* of the ghetto.

He wants black self-determination, peacefully, if possible—but you get that notion only from talking to him face to face, not from reading his press.

Newton has been picked up by the cops, he says, at least fifty or sixty times in the last couple of years. Subtract the ten months spent under guard in the hospital or in jail—since October 28—and that is about once in every six days.

So I could believe that Newton finally opened up on some "pigs" who pressed too close. But Newton says he didn't have a gun that night, and the cops have never found one. What he had in his hand, he says, when Frey made him get out of the Volkswagen, was a lawbook. How do you shoot someone with a lawbook? Garry asks.

Newton says that Frey did frisk him—hard—then walked him back toward the second police car, Heanes's car. Heanes was supposed to be checking out the passenger in the Volkswagen. Instead, he watched Frey and Newton. Why, Garry wondered, cross-examining. Was Heanes afraid of what Frey might do to Huey Newton?

"Not necessarily," Heanes replied.

Not necessarily? Newton says he turned to ask Frey what the bust was about, and started to open his lawbook.

"You can shove that book up your ass," Frey said, according to Newton's testimony. And with that, Frey straight-armed Huey in the face, and Newton went down on one knee in the street. The next thing Newton remembers is seeing Frey draw his revolver. Then the sound of gunfire—like thunder. And a feeling like hot soup spilled on his stomach.

As Newton talks on the stand, you start putting things together. The trajectory of the bullet through his body? It slopes down, as if he were shot by a man standing over his kneeling body. That checks.

And other things check. The word from the street that Frey was caught in a cross fire. The fact that the lawbook

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is covered with blood—Newton's blood, Garry maintains, though the police failed to check that.

The next thing Newton remembers, he says, is a feeling of motion, blurred and hazy. Then he is in front of Kaiser Hospital, trying to figure how to get up onto a platform and into the building for medical help.

It took the white nurse twenty-five minutes, maybe forty-five, to get Newton onto a stretcher and into the room where the doctor was. Meanwhile, the cops had already arrived—the nurse called them before she called a doctor—and the cops had handcuffed Newton's hands *over his head*, stretching his stomach wound painfully.

Several hours of cross-examination by Jensen reveal no cracks in Newton's story. And the prosecutor's case looks bad: there is no murder weapon. (Jensen claims Newton carried a gun, and also stole Frey's gun, which is missing.) Officer Heanes says he never saw a gun in Newton's hand. He also says he did not know where the shooting came from—although he says he was looking right at Newton and Frey.

There are so many contradictions in Heanes's testimony that it is hard to know what to believe, if anything. But for the sake of argument, say that Heanes did not know where the shots came from.

That checks with another thing Heanes said: that he wheeled—away from Newton and Frey—and spotted somebody on the sidewalk, somebody answering to the description of Gene McKinney.

McKinney, Heanes testified (not using McKinney's name, of course), put his hands in the air, "declared he was unarmed and had no intention of harming me."

Heanes, hit in the right hand, switched his gun to his left hand and blazed away in the direction of Frey and Newton.

Cross fire?

And this brings us back to Grier's testimony again. What did Grier actually see?

Probably not much. A passenger on his bus, Tommy D. Miller, testifying for the defense, placed the bus farther down the street than Grier did. Miller had just gotten on at Seventh and Willow and handed Grier a $5 bill, Miller said. Grier was driving and making change at the same time. It was 5 A.M. and dark, and a little hazy. (Grier said it was hazy, too.)

What did Grier see? He described a man in a tan jacket, and thirty minutes after the shooting the police suspect was a man in a tan jacket, identified sometimes as Lavern (no "e") Williams, sometimes as Huey Newton. Newton and Williams are both "known Black Panthers," the radio man keeps saying (on the tape played in court), and he also keeps saying: look for a man in a tan jacket.

Neither Newton nor McKinney is a "peewee"; neither was wearing a tan jacket that night. There may have been a third individual. He could have watched the whole ten-minute process, watched Frey knock Newton down, watched Frey pull his gun, and then. . . .

But that is only speculation. Nobody knows if there was a third man. Or maybe McKinney knows—maybe Newton knows. The point is, Newton's defense is "reasonable doubt." There's an oversupply of that.

The jury's verdict? The one black man on the jury, David B. Harper, a young executive at Bank of America, handed the slip to the bailiff late Sunday evening, September 8, after four days of deliberation.

Guilty of "voluntary manslaughter." Not guilty of assault with a deadly weapon.

The judge, rereading his instructions to the jury for the second time, had emphasized: "To reduce the charge from murder . . . to manslaughter, you must find the provocation to be considerable."

Provoked into shooting Frey, but not guilty of shooting Heanes? This is real schizophrenia. As Rush Greenlee put it in the September 9 San Francisco *Examiner*: "If Newton did not shoot Heanes—and the jury says he did not—then who did?"

Garry has built an excellent appellate case, and even stands a chance of getting a new trial. (Judge Friedman will set Newton's sentence—from two to fifteen years—and will rule on Garry's retrial motion, as well as decide whether to set bail, on September 27.) One of Garry's grounds for retrial is that the corrected Grier statement—reading that Grier "didn't" see the face of the assailant—was handed to the jury without comment. No juror knew that there had been any problem with such a key word.

Much of this entire trial went on outside the hearing of the jury, Garry having to argue again and again to have testimony about police brutality in Oakland admitted as evidence. Once the judge refused to allow a man who had been in the hospital with Newton to testify that the police threatened Newton and aimed a gun at his head. That happened after October 28, 1967, the judge ruled, and so was irrelevant.

The judge also ignored Garry's numerous motions for mistrial on grounds of jury selection (which tends to exclude ghetto blacks), the hysteria created in the public mind by the omnipresent guards in the courthouse, the daily frisks at the courtroom doors, and the tensions raised by the statements of public figures.

While the jury was still deliberating, Oakland's Mayor John Reading said that no matter what the verdict in the Newton trial, there would be explosions in the West Oakland ghetto. Newton replied immediately from his cell, calling Reading a "rabble rouser," and saying that the Panthers planned no retaliatory action but were going to exhaust all legal possibilities.

The first post-trial "explosion," as a matter of fact, came not from black people but from two off-duty Oakland policemen. Thirty hours after the manslaughter conviction and assault acquittal, they drove by Panther headquarters and riddled the building with a dozen bullets. No one was inside at the time, but there were several witnesses. The two were apprehended, and almost immediately fired by Oakland Police Chief Charles Gain. They face felony charges. Chief Gain, over television, said he wanted to emphasize that these men acted as two individuals, that their isolated action should not reflect on the fine performance of the 600 men of the force.

I thought of the 150 or 200 off-duty New York policemen who ganged up on twelve Black Panthers recently. And I thought of Chicago.

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LIFE INSURANCE

THE IMMACULATE DECEPTION

G. SCOTT REYNOLDS
Mr. Reynolds runs his own investment counseling service in Atlanta, Ga. He is the author of The Mortality Merchants *(David McKay).*

Elizur Wright, the first insurance commissioner of Massachusetts, and the man generally regarded as the father of American life insurance, said in 1862 that he had "become persuaded that life insurance was the most available, convenient, and permanent breeding place for rogues that civilization had ever presented." And lest any objection be raised as to the time that has elapsed since that utterance, note that he said "permanent."

The life insurance industry occupies a unique position in our society. It owns or controls more than two-thirds of the corporate wealth of this country. It sells no product, yet its 1967 income was nearly $36 billion. This income, added to approximately $12 billion from matured and redeemed bonds, mortgage amortizations and prepayments, and sales of various holdings, gave the industry an influx of money in the area of $50 billion. Life insurance operates under a socio-religious mantle, supposedly having as its uppermost concern the welfare of widows, orphans and old people.

With such impressive credentials, what can be wrong with the institution? The answer is surprisingly simple. The industry has almost abandoned the function that justifies its existence—the providing of adequate, reasonably priced, easy-to-understand financial death protection. It has relegated this essential death protection to the status of a sideline, and in doing so has become a phantom savings media. The life insurance policy is represented as providing either for life or death, and in attempting to accommodate these opposites, it has failed in both. This failure has been to the detriment of the policyholder who has been hypnotized into thinking he is getting something for nothing, and at the same time has created monumental wealth for the industry that pretends to cherish him.

At the root of this failure is the prime offering of the industry—so-called "permanent" life insurance. Permanent insurance, as opposed to pure death protection in the form of term insurance, is misleadingly represented as providing a level amount of protection in return for the payment of a level premium. As an example, a man of 35 contracts for a $10,000 "whole" or "straight" life policy, the least expensive form of permanent life insurance. Supposedly, this contract will provide him with $10,000 worth of protection for the "whole" of life, now regarded actuarially as age 100. A typical premium for this coverage would be about $200 annually, or $20 per $1,000 of protection.

This appears simple enough, and the vast majority of policyholders accept it at face value. But it crumbles under close scrutiny, because the level premium concept of permanent life insurance calls for substantial overpayments in the earlier years in order that the premium payments in later years (assuming the policyholder reaches those years alive, or if he does, is still carrying the insurance) will not *appear* to be prohibitive. This overpayment, through the non-forfeiture provisions that were forced on the industry, creates what is known as the cash surrender value of the policy. This cash surrender value has come to be represented as the "savings" or "investment" element of the policy. This, as life insurance men point out, "builds" over the years. They are most reluctant, however, to point out an opposite effect: as the cash surrender value grows, the life insurance company comes off the risk at the precise same rate, for at any given time a "permanent" life insurance policy is made up of two things—the cash surrender value "savings" element, and the amount for which the company actually remains on the risk, the sum of the two being the stated face amount of the policy.

In other words, when the man who took out the $10,000 whole life policy at 35 reaches the age of 65, he will find (on an average throughout the industry) that his policy will have a cash surrender value of approximately one-half the face amount. If he dies at this point, his beneficiaries will receive his "savings" of $5,000, plus the $5,000 for which the company remains on the risk. The total, incidentally, will appear on the company's statement for the year as a death benefit paid out.

His premium, meanwhile, does not lessen as the protection element of the policy decreases. In fact, his premium actually rises, for he is not only paying a level premium for a steadily decreasing amount of protection —he is also forgoing interest on his cash surrender value "savings." At a realistic rate of 4 per cent he is forgoing $200 in a single year at the time his cash surrender value is $5,000. This plus his annual cash premium brings his payment to $400 a year, and the larger premium is buying half the protection that the original premium purchased in the beginning. He is in fact paying four times the original rate, or $80 per $1,000 of protection.

Life insurance men, in arguing against term insurance, are quick to point out that the cost of the protection rises each year. This is true not only of pure term insurance but of the conglomeration of "permanent" policies as well, the difference being that the increase is hidden from the buyer in the latter, while it can clearly be seen in the former.

Over the past century, hundreds of millions of Americans have been drawn into the trap of permanent life insurance, with the inevitable result of inadequate provision for the beneficiaries should the policyholder die a premature death, and the equally inadequate provision for the policyholder himself in retirement should he reach older age. Permanent life insurance attempts to provide for dying too soon and living too long. The failure is apparent in the number of young widows who must support

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their families. and in the number of older people who must rely upon their families for support.

Permanent, cash-surrender-value life insurance is at the root of a whole family of abuses. One of the most flagrant is the misleading concept of "paid up" insurance. This consists of the limited payment policies on which premiums are paid over a specified period, such as twenty-year, thirty-year, paid up at age 65, and so on. There is also a non-forfeiture provision in other permanent policies that provides for "paid up" insurance should the policyholder cease paying premiums.

This is merely an extension of the original shell game that ensnared the policyholder in the first place. Suppose our young man with the $10,000 whole life policy elects at 65 to stop paying his premiums and take a "paid up" policy. Such a policy, on the average, would be approximately one-half cash surrender value at this time. Also, on the average, at age 65 each $1,000 of cash surrender value in a policy will buy $1,320 of paid-up insurance. The key word here is *buy*, for that is precisely what must be done. He must take his $5,000 savings account and in a single premium, buy a paid-up policy. Thus for each $1,000 he gets $320 of actual protection.

Even after this exorbitant payment is made it is not the end of paying, even though the policyholder may never become aware of the payments he continues to make. At 4 per cent the $5,000 he has turned over to the insurance company could be earning $200 annually in a true savings medium. His single payment of $5,000 has bought him a $6,600 paid-up policy. The difference between the money he already had ($5,000) and the amount the policy will pay on his death ($6,600) is $1,600. This represents the actual protection and for this he is paying $200 a year in forgone interest at only 4 per cent. This figures to a per $1,000 cost of $125. He could buy a new permanent policy for approximately one-half this rate, assuming he had any requirement for protection beyond 65.

The advertising, sales practices, in fact everything said and done by the life insurance industry is aimed directly at promoting the sale of so-called permanent life insurance. Always overlooked is the fact that the protection element of every life insurance policy ever sold is nothing more than term insurance—there is no other kind of life insurance. All the rest is window dressing, but it is window dressing that generates the profits. Life insurance men are frank to admit (at least, when being candid with one another in their trade papers) that term insurance is a tough row to hoe. If it is insisted upon, and their arguments cannot overcome the insistence, they will sell it with reluctance. They do not, however, consider the battle lost, for there is a provision in a term policy which allows for the "privilege" of conversion to a permanent plan. It is significant that the reverse of this privilege, the conversion of permanent insurance into term, is not allowed. Once in the trap, they do not want you out.

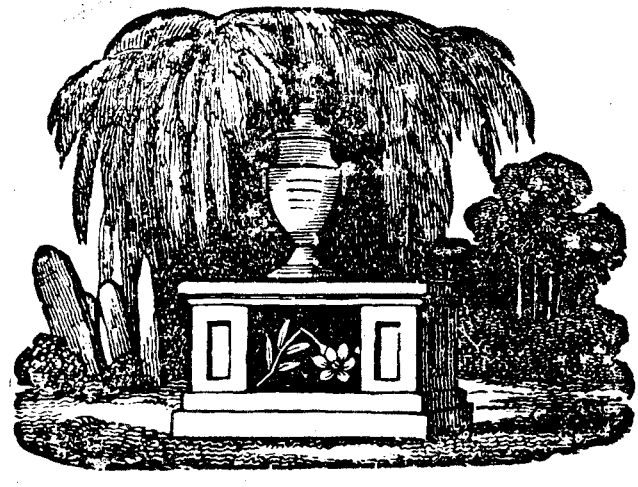
The borrowing of cash surrender values can have an eye-opening effect upon the policyholder. Our man with the $10,000 whole life policy may find himself in need of money at the time his cash surrender value is $5,000, but he may not want to give up the remaining $5,000 of protection in his policy. In this case he may borrow from the company at a pre-stated rate of interest, usually 5 per cent. So he makes the loan, and he now finds that he continues to pay the same premium as before, $200, *plus* interest of $250, or a total annual payment to the life insurance company of $450.

If he dies, his beneficiaries will receive $5,000, for the outstanding loan must be deducted from the face amount of the policy. Once again it becomes apparent that life insurance is nothing more than a pseudo-savings medium. In borrowing his own "savings" the policyholder discovers he has given up that exact amount of his death protection, but continues to pay the same premium as before in addition to the fact that he must pay interest on his lost protection.

One life insurance man, in defense of this practice, said that he knew of no bank that would continue to pay interest on withdrawn savings. This statement, as is often the case in life insurance, completely inverts the situation. Certainly no bank pays interest on withdrawn savings accounts—the point is, what bank *charges* interest on withdrawn savings?

The industry stubbornly clings to the inefficient instrument of permanent life insurance. And because of its enormous profitability, the misrepresentation involved in its sale will probably continue unchecked. There is no effective regulation of the industry. Each state has its own insurance department and commissioner, making a total of fifty agencies charged with the impossible task of regulating and controlling the biggest interstate industry in America. The writings and utterances of many state insurance commissioners indicate strongly that their allegiance lies entirely with the industry. The policyholder then, in a very real sense, must fend for himself in his contacts with the life insurance industry. Until now this has been a grossly unfair match.

But, through knowledge, the individual can do something about his own situation, even if he cannot bring about universal reform. There has long been in the minds of many policyholders an indefinable distrust of an industry that grows so enormously wealthy in the exercise of beneficence. This feeling is becoming less indefinable, and with definition will come change.



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'DANGEROUS DRUGS'

VOLSTEAD EXHUMED?

EDWARD JOSEPH SHOBEN, JR.
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Pending before the current Congress is a bill known as the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968 (H.R. 15355 and S. 2990). If enacted, it will impose new and heavy penalties for not only the distribution and sale but the possession for personal use of "hallucinogenic drugs (including LSD) and other depressant and stimulant drugs." From testimony so far given in hearings by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, it is clear that the proposed legislation has been at least partly engendered by an increase in the use of marijuana, already covered by the Harrison Narcotics Act; it is also clear that its comprehensive language covers a very wide range of very different pharmacological agents—the amphetamines or "pep pills," barbiturates, benzedrine, and a variety of others. It is further evident that the recommended law is directed primarily against young people, especially against college students, who are identified as the great bulk of users of psychoactive devices that affect the qualities of consciousness.

That there is a real need for federal intervention in the business of drug abuse and control is beyond doubt. Whether the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968 even approach the criteria of a desirable federal law is, to put it mildly, a moot question. To discuss it critically, however, is often difficult because public sentiment about the use of drugs often approaches hysteria or entails a set of powerful stereotypes derived from the problems associated with heroin and other narcotics, a very different order of chemical agents that is not at all under discussion here.

In the light of these traits of the public temper, it therefore becomes incumbent upon anyone who worries aloud about potentially ugly and self-defeating characteristics of drug legislation to make clear his own posture. I am not now nor have I ever been a user of pot, LSD or any of the other drugs at which H.R. 15355 and S. 2990 are aimed. I value the qualities of my alleged consciousness, such as they are, and I want no warping of them by the pharmacologist's art. On the other hand, I must confess to drinking an exorbitant amount of coffee, smoking a pipe to something like excess, and sometimes being guilty of a cocktail at lunch as well as one before dinner. In short, like many members of the respectable middle class, I can be described as relatively hooked on caffein, nicotine and alcohol—all drugs with very dangerous properties.

I also assert rather than admit that I am approaching 50 and, finding the years comfortable, have little sympathy with cults of youth. Associated for the greater part of my adult life with universities and the enterprise of higher education in the United States, I bluntly repudiate any notion of their serving as a sanctuary for criminals or as a haven for special forms of self-indulgence. Finally, I regard dangerous drugs as defining a social evil of serious consequence, and I firmly believe that the establishment of appropriate controls over their administration and use is a pressing necessity.

Having indicated that I am a good-guy member of the middle class, I find it necessary to register some strong objections to the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968. To get on to more important matters, I shall run rather lightly over the first one. In lumping together a number of very heterogeneous drugs, the proposed law ignores a great deal of available evidence about their quite different chemical, physiological and behavorial properties and effects. In this respect, the amendments are inappropriately indiscriminate and based on needless ignorance.

Far more crucial is the observation that by adding to existing statutes new and stringent penalties for possession for personal use (in addition to manufacture, distribution and sale), the law could brand for life as criminals large numbers of young people, a majority of them college students, who have simply engaged in experiments with drugs that have wide currency in present-day American life. The problem is not one of whether these experiments are intelligent or wise; it is one of whether it is in the public interest to make them a federal offense. Recent estimates from the National Institutes of Health and other sources are that from one-fifth to one-third of college students have used, one or more times, marijuana or other drugs covered by the proposed legislation. In California alone, it is reported that something of the order of 30,000 arrests were made in 1967 for pot smoking, about two-thirds of them affecting college students. Such figures suggest that the bill under consideration is strongly analogous to the ill-starred Volstead Act, with special and ominous implications for the university campus and its most numerous constituency, those future alumni and leaders of our citizenry who are now called students.

Like the Volstead Act, as Dr. James Goddard, former director of the Food and Drug Administration and Dr. Stanley Yolles of the National Institute of Mental Health have pointed out, this legislation is virtually unenforceable in any effective or fair fashion. Directed primarily against young people, a very high proportion of whom are now in college, it invites an increase in that disrespect for law among youth that is a genuinely fundamental issue in our present time of societal troubles. It also suggests a basis for those aperiodic, sudden and concentrated crackdowns, not infrequently directed against college communities, that often terrify and enrage but that seldom serve as efficient deterrents or as decently effective ways of supporting just social rules. If the correspondence to the unhappiest features of the Volstead Act implies the horrors of the dramatic but fundamentally pointless police raid, it also raises the specter of a sharp increase in the more

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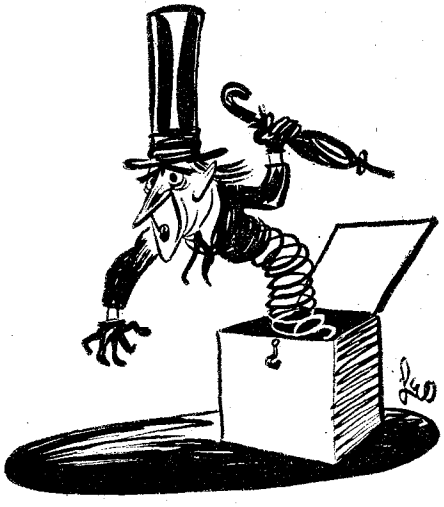
violent and criminal features of the traffic in non-narcotic drugs.

The central issue is that of whether the Volstead-like punitive and repressive measures of the Administration are at all likely to have socially useful effects comparable with those achieved by more vigorous programs of research and education, and a focus in enforcement on illegal manufacture and sale. It is noteworthy here that the use of LSD began to decline quickly and abruptly as persuasive evidence became available that the hallucinogen may produce serious and often irreversible psychological and genetic damage. In contrast, the widespread increase in the use of marijuana is occurring in the presence of already stiff legal penalties for its use, and is associated with the fact that there is virtually no scientific and medical evidence of any serious consequences from it. It is little wonder that our young often challenge our values when, in the light of these facts, we recall that the *mandatory* penalties in some states are more severe for using marijuana than are those for second degree murder!

It is frequently argued that the use of marijuana must be severely controlled because it leads to later dependence on narcotics like heroin or opium. It is quite true that one finds in the histories of narcotics addicts a high frequency of marijuana usage. One also finds, however, a high frequency of glue sniffing, excessive drinking and virtually any other activity that will obliterate consciousness. It is only a small oversimplification to say that narcotics addicts are basically "experience-deniers," people seeking escape from the impact of the world on their underdeveloped psychological apparatus. Three observations are centrally relevant here. First, young people, especially college students, who have been experimenting with marijuana and even with LSD are overwhelmingly "experience-seekers," individuals looking toward and valuing the experience of expansion in their own consciousness. This sort of personality is simply not one in which drug dependence takes root. In addition, the vast majority of cases of experimentation with pot and hallucinogens by college students have been essentially casual, limited to a single or few episodes, and closely associated with membership in social groups the life and viability of which are not long. Second, it is thoroughly illogical, as well as simply contradictory of evidence, to argue that because narcotics addicts have histories of marijuana usage, it follows that marijuana users will become addicts. Narcotics users also wear shirts, but shirt wearers rarely become narcotics addicts! And third, because the sale of narcotics is enormously lucrative, and the sale of marijuana, LSD and comparable drugs is, by comparison, a matter of almost no financial consequence, there is little crossing of the traffic lanes along which these very different chemicals move. In consequence, the youngster looking for pot is unlikely to make contact with pushers of dope; and the highly "professional" distributor of narcotics is even more unlikely to take criminal risks for small returns when big money can be had if he sticks to his special brand of viciousness.

So far, I have suggested that this latter-day Volstead Act is unenforceable, an invitation both to increased crime and ineffectual police activity, illogical, and at best highly dubious in its reading of relevant evidence. If they are persuasive, these contentions should alone be sufficient to avoid the stigmatizing for life as federal offenders the young people who are convicted under it. But there is a social consideration of even greater if slightly more subtle proportions.

It is highly probable that difficulties in the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments would considerably exacerbate the alienation of contemporary youth. It must be remembered that I am not in any sense arguing for making access to dangerous drugs easier. I am worrying only about the severity of penalties attached to possession for personal use, and the reason is a straightforward one. In the eyes of many of our brightest and most perceptive young, there is a vast hypocrisy in a society that characterizes kids as going to hell in a handbasket by virtue of



their experiment with pot, while the most respectable members of that society are themselves heavily committed to psychoactive drugs. Aspirin, nicotine, tea and coffee and alcohol should be a sufficient list of the pharmacological agents on which almost all of us now heavily rely; but there is still that vast panoply of tranquilizers, sleeping tablets and stimulants that fill the medicine cabinets of our most stable citizens and the leaders of our civic life. Ours is a society in which the use of drugs to deaden pain, to help us achieve a night's rest, or to increase our feelings of intellectual or physical vigor is increasingly widespread. The national bills paid annually for liquor and for tranquilizers are staggeringly large and on the increase, and the number of both stimulants and depressants bought without prescription has been a fantastic boon to the proprietary drug industry. If we lose sight of this context, we lose our capacity to understand the processes that underlie the experimentation with marijuana and some other psychoactive drugs among youngsters, just as we lose our capacity to understand and to respond maturely to the bitterness of youth as they examine our attitudes and find us both hypocritical and closed-minded.

It can be argued, of course, that the alienation of youth is less important than justice or the society's larger need

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to regulate certain forms of behavior. I completely agree. My only point is that no society that is self-respecting, or wise about its future, risks alienating its young without taking serious thought and persuasively formulating the necessity for the measures its adopts. It seems doubtful that any persuasive case for either justice or necessity can really be built *on this specific law.*

There is still a further source of concern. By putting a heavily punitive emphasis on possession for personal use, the effect of the proposed Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments could well be a kind of federalizing of the sort of episode that occurred recently at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Those interested in the worth and potentialities of higher education can be troubled by the easing of a process whereby outside authorities may invade a campus—a process which makes college decision vulnerable to current political sentiment from outside its precincts rather than responsive to academic and humanly constructive considerations. They will also be deeply troubled by the advent of undercover agents, masquerading as students or as visitors to classrooms or campus gatherings, reporting to police and to federal bureaus a wide variety of information well beyond what is relevant to the distribution and use of drugs. The precedents established at Stony Brook and elsewhere indicate that material bearing on the political, social and moral ideas of faculty members and students become part of official dossiers. Such a state of affairs militates powerfully against the conditions that safeguard intellectual freedom and the integrity of the educational enterprise. Any presence in a college or university that would inhibit the free discussion of political, social and moral issues is a source of intense worry. In the present case, a serious threat to academic freedom interacts with another step in the erosion of privacy. To pay such prices for the control of drug usage seems high at best; when there are grounds for arguing that this sort of deterrence is unlikely to deter, it seems dreadfully exorbitant and well beyond what a genuinely healthy society would be willing to afford. Again, the lessons of the Volstead Act should be useful.

Finally, it seems odd that there should be such pressure for the passage of these bills when the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws is now at work, with the problem of drug laws and their enforcement well up on its scale of priorities. The preliminary report from this body is due on November 8. Is it conceivable that the rush with respect to H.R. 15355 and S. 2990 has something to do with its being an election year —that politics rather than justice or social necessity is primary here? The question becomes all the more troubling when another fact is noted: on recommendation of the President's Commission on Crime and the Administration of Justice, the National Institute of Mental Health has developed a large-scale and intensive program of research on all aspects of marijuana and the hallucinogens. Authorization for this enterprise suggests that our knowledge is too faulty at this particular moment to permit action that is wise.

At the same time, the case for effective federal intervention is one that hardly needs making. The distribution and use of dangerous drugs are menacing to our health and stability, and there is every reason for a strong national policy. If the Congress feels that the work of the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws and the research of the National Institute of Mental Health needs monitoring and supervision, there is a highly desirable alternative to the proposed Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968. A Congressional Commission on Drug Abuse and Control could readily be formed to coordinate the efforts of the National Commission and the NIMH, to review and synthesize the large body of growing evidence about the drugs under scrutiny, to formulate the problems in a knowledgeable fashion, and to propose remedial legislation on an informed and constructive basis. The commission procedure has been employed with respect to a number of other large-scale social issues to good effect. Not only has it led to wiser and more intelligently developed law; it has afforded an opportunity for public education almost as valuable as the legislation it has instigated. With respect to the control of drug traffic, the commission model seems particularly germane, especially if the group appointed includes eminent biochemists, lawyers, physicians, behavioral scientists and educators. Such an arrangement almost certainly would result in legislative proposals that pay more heed to the enormous differences among psychopharmacological agents, that would attend more sensitively and positively to the profound social questions that are bound up with the drug issue, and that would reflect a broader and more sophisticated range of genuinely effective concern with highly probable and ugly inroads on personal privacy and intellectual freedom than is true of H.R. 15355 and S.2990. It seems likely that neither the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce nor the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare are interested in repeating the mistakes of the Volstead Act, and would welcome salvation through a more enlightened expression of public opinion.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 290)*

preferring to the very end to call it the Roman Empire; currently, the present Greek military regime, in suppressing freedom of expression and other basic liberties, does it in the name of Christianity.

In poetry, more than in any other form of art, the fact that the Greeks have never fully become more than superficially Christian, is abundantly clear. For, despite the extraordinary breadth and productivity of modern Greek literature, there is no "religious" poetry. Christian organizations in Greece that tried to produce anthologies of religious poetry, have failed abysmally for more than one century. . . .

Spyridon Granitsas

correction

The editors regret that a typographical error appeared in John Logan's poem, "The Search," in the Sept. 16th issue. The lines should have read:

Now I think I hunt with so much rage
that I will risk or lose
family or friends for the ghost of my youth

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Humanities and Inhumanities

LOUIS KAMPF
Mr. Kampf teaches at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom *(MIT Press).*

American higher education, like any institution, lives by myths. Still feeling threatened by the seriousness of purpose shown by students during last spring's campus rebellions, the educator's myth of the moment informs us of both the practicality and the transcendent beauty of a liberal (or humanistic) education. The same noble speech is being (or has recently been) addressed to thousands of freshmen: whether at West Point, Swarthmore, the Texas College of Mines, M.I.T. or the University of Michigan hardly seems to matter. It informs them of the primacy of a liberal—rather than a specialized, or technical—education. The humanities, the speech continues, release us from irrationally held prejudices; they open our minds; they teach us to be generalists instead of specialists. In short, a liberal education transforms the narrow career-oriented youth into a free, though of course responsible, man or woman of culture.

The underlying assumption of the speech is that four years of exposure to a balanced curriculum will produce young men and women who are objective, rational, yet not without feeling; who being free of ideological blinders will be blessed with a sense of their own autonomy. Having been made intellectually independent by their study of Homer, the Renaissance, atomic particles, Wordsworth, brain waves, Pop art and total environments, they are capable of discovering the relevant past and applying it to the problems of the moment. They are prisoners neither of history nor of the imperatives of current urgencies. Consequently they are eminently capable of dealing with the insistent pressures of change. Having absorbed the best civilization has to offer, they will be able to retain their humanity though practically engulfed by inhuman events. Briefly put, they will be liberal. Certainly, they will not resort to the barbarism of riots.

I suppose there is a grain of truth at the center of this hollow rhetoric. Certainly the motives which generate such words are often decent enough. Yet I suspect that the hearts of most academics attending freshman orientation sink as they hear the noble sentiments being piled on. There is a moment when one expects the dean of freshmen either to burst into tears, to choke on his own words, or perhaps to double up with laughter. He knows that his colleagues know his words are fake; and I suspect that most of the students see us all—teachers, deans, administrators—for the frauds we are. Is it not time we forgot about the nobility of the humanities and asked what their real function is, what social purposes they, in fact, serve?

Hardly a day passes without some representative of the industrial elite letting us know that America's corporate enterprises, not to speak of its government agencies, need managers who are not only steeped in the techniques of operations research but who are equally adept at quoting John Donne or T. S. Eliot. At M.I.T., the Sloan Fellows in Industrial Management are expected to devote a fairly substantial amount of their time to the study of literature. The exposure to literature, we are to assume, makes them better—indeed, more enlightened—managers. But who are these managers? What is their task?

> No one knows who will live in this cage in the future, or whether at the end of this tremendous development entirely new prophets will arise, or there will be a great rebirth of old ideas and ideals, or, if neither, mechanized petrification, embellished with a sort of convulsive self-importance. For the last stage of this cultural development, it might well be truly said: "Specialists without spirit, sensualists without hearts; this nullity imagines that it has attained a level of civilization never before achieved."

The melancholy words are Max Weber's. The occupants of his cage are the functionaries of the bureaucracy bequeathed us by the Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism. The culture he feared was one in which rationalization of the profit motive, rather than the simple urge to earn money, becomes its own end, and efficiency is pursued with religious—yet mechanical—zeal. To further such ends, traditional education is replaced by training programs for technicians and efficiency experts. M.I.T., the Harvard Business School, and their brothers and sisters were fathered by the needs of industrial capitalism.

But today such an analysis may seem naive, even simple-minded. We know that our business schools give courses in social responsibility; moreover, our industrial managers conduct seminars on the needs of the Third World and the family structure of the poor. And who would doubt that this derives from anything but the best of motives? But before we congratulate ourselves on our good luck, we might take a closer look at modern capitalism. Clearly we have moved beyond that stage of rationalization which merely involves problems in engineering. Moreover, the complexities of modern finance—the mother of industrial development—involve a subtlety of human manipulation undreamed of by Weber's contemporaries. And as the complexity insinuates itself into all areas of the social system, we reach a point where our corporations and financial institutions effectively control most public—as well as private—institutions. As Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out, in this situation the main function of the American Government is not to promote the public sector but to keep the social order stable enough for business to do its business. Its second large task is to see that America's educational institutions provide the corporate machine with enough functionaries to keep it oiled.

The function of higher education, then, is to turn out those industrial cadres, rocket engineers, researchers, planners, personnel managers and development experts needed by the economy. But not only this; our colleges and universities have also been charged with the task of shaping the more ordinary functionaries: the kind who were once not subject to a four-year grind through the educational mill. Looked at in terms of real industrial need these four years of classes, laboratories, football games, hours in the library and bull sessions seem entirely superfluous. But that is not the point. For beyond immediate mechanical requirements there are the larger social imperatives. Social order must be maintained, and the whole fabric of traditions which gives a society its continuity must be kept intact. If this proves to be impossible, then at least appearances must be kept up; patches covering up the rents must be made invisible. As ordinary mechanical tasks multiply, as more of the labor force takes on white-collar jobs and finds itself pushed into the

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middle class, the process of acculturation becomes increasingly difficult. Formerly, those few who climbed the social ladder learned their manners—were educated to the proper social style—by their gradual exposure to the more or less culturally advanced. This was a slow and haphazard process; many fell by the wayside and never attained the style of life appropriate to their economic station. If the production of consumer goods is to expand, the goods must be consumed. To accomplish this, the new industrial cadres must be prepared for an "enriched"—that is, a cultured—style of life. Above all, the new class must never be allowed to feel that it constitutes a new industrial proletariat.

Let me return to Weber's metaphor: the animals in the bureaucratic cage must be civilized. Yet having consciousness, the task of civilizing tends to go beyond the development of conditioned reflexes. It must concern itself with the inescapable fact of human creativity and with the reality of man's historical memory. Both are, after all, basic components of what we call culture; they are integral to man as a species. The ordinary functionary, then, must be convinced that the rationalized task he performs—his ordinary, and inexplicable, job of work—is somehow connected to traditional culture—to all those monuments, both artistic and social, which represent our historical aspirations. What had formerly been the property of an elite now also belongs to the bureaucrat; for he, after all, has become a member of that elite. Or so he thinks. In any case, he knows he has his place in the traditions of the social system—and it is good. Consequently, there is no point in directing the anger of one's frustrations, of one's secret dissatisfactions, at the system itself, for one would be turning them against oneself—against that historic culture one has attained.

And therefore the future home economist, insurance salesman, even department store floorwalker must be made to believe that these tasks are—however mysteriously—connected to Homer, the Athenians, the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the rest of our cultural baggage. The connections may not be clear, but we feel a terrible guilt if we do not perceive them.

To perform this job of acculturation requires an expanding system of colleges and universities; to run them, a force of educational functionaries whose size seems to have no limit. The opportunities for administrators, professors, research executives, even writers, painters and composers are getting better every day. If nothing else, our colleges provide a marvelous haven for Cabinet members, mayors, Presidential advisers and generals, who are temporarily out of work. They, like their fellow humanities professors, are also students of the liberal arts. But, once more, this job of training and acculturation must proceed without upsetting our traditional notion of the university's function. The educational cadres must believe that they perform the humane tasks of scholarship. So they all write articles, and monographs, and books, and reviews of books and bibliographies of these reviews. At the highest level, in our important graduate schools, they train people like themselves to train people like themselves, to train people like themselves, to train people like themselves. . . .

Far from teaching young people to become aware of their capacities, a liberal education allows them—worse,

TOUCH AND GO

With us, any time, it is just touch and go.

Even though we have begun to turn back to it,
the winter sun is so low in the south it blinds
our eyes at every moment.

Shoulder high, it stays even with our eyes
and blinds them into visions of cerise and purple
blossoms on jagged stalks.

The book we try to read is stained with the red
blotches of these flowers and we are blind
to all the words.

Pale brightest, pale light of pure tonic of sky
with the winter away down below the blueness
and the mighty thinwhite jetlines.

Erotic feelers, lusts of old age, accentuate
this beauty, related to the noon of shadows,
for all is struck and shadowed.

Blaze horizontal, struck in our eyes, so that
looking up north we see the pavilions of greenness,
familiars of the winter trees.

We do not have to bother with heat from overhead
and can choose south-light or north-light,
left or right face.

Or after the night blizzard in a grayness of whirling
noon, platinum fulsome through scud, elevated host
over the cup of horizon.

Now in the fair the winter sun knowing no winter
will approximate our hilarity, unaware that one
crucifixion upholds it.

All the blue emptiness north: plunk with shock
to the stomach, plunk with shock to the heart:
plunk, plunk with shock to the groin.

Every moral dilemma, every agapic need heisted
up there, hello, jolt of the planting, soft
snarl of the sword.

Touch and Go: lungs in a choking oedema, release
of the bleeding: he is all curved and straitened
out there looking at us.

Whom shall we touch? Where shall we go?

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

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forces them—to ignore themselves. As for the nagging reality of a world desperately in need of social change, the ordinary liberal education pretends either that the need does not exist, or that it can be taken care of painlessly, as a matter of ordinary academic routine. One thing is certain: change must do no violence to the traditional humanistic values embedded in the curriculum. These foundations of a liberal education are sacred. Thus the master task of the humanities becomes one of accommodating students to the social dislocations of industrial society by hiding their painful apprenticeship—their rite of admission to an appropriate office—behind the mask of a traditional culture. Confronted by the radical transformation of roles played by the educated, the liberal arts must assure us that the *status quo* is, after all, being maintained.

An odd development. Matthew Arnold once taught us that the object of studying the best that had been thought or said is to criticize our present mode of life, to make us see the object as it really is. Instead the study of our classics seems to provide us with ideological blinders. It mystifies—to use R. D. Laing's phrase—the very basis of our experience: our way of seeing, feeling, knowing. The humanities have been the educational system's unwitting collaborators in destroying our experience—that is, our humanity. For by blinding us to social mechanisms they have made us unconscious; they have made us the victims of a myth; they have kept us from seeing things as they really are. And, to quote Laing again, "If our experience is destroyed, our behavior will be destructive." And so it is. It is so because our culture has taught us to disguise competitive aggression as social benevolence, oppression as freedom, hate as love. These marvelous transformations have been effected not only by those who control our most powerful institutions but by our educators—our experts in acculturation. The lesson concerning the relationship of culture to aggression taught us by *Civilization and Its Discontents* seems not to have sunk in. Or perhaps it has sunk in all too well. As Freud observed, we desperately stand in need of our defense mechanisms.

But perhaps we are running out of defense mechanisms. Perhaps the contradictions liberal education creates for students are beginning to turn on us; perhaps the young will make us ask those questions we have so long refused to ask.

How so? The meaning of life is in action—whether the acts be physical or mental. Fulfilled action frees us; it makes us independent. When we can relate our thoughts, our yearnings, to activity; when our vague projections issue in conscious work—then we may rightly feel that we have our lives under a measure of control. Formerly the purpose of a traditional liberal education had been to train a cultured—and humane—elite. The act of ruling, of governing and giving guidance, was the activity which gave life its meaning; it fulfilled the objectives of the education. Clearly we still have the same goals in mind for the liberal arts today. Supposedly they teach us to be creative and to act humanely. And are these not the standards we set for our elite? But consciousness has made a fool of our objectives; for the young—or at least for some of them—the ideological fog has been cleared by the very contradictions of their education.

Precisely because we have been liberal in our education, our best students have come to understand that their deepest intellectual concerns—their very enthusiasms, their most intense involvements—cannot issue in any sort of activity which makes a claim to any social relevance beyond acculturation. And if there be no such social relevance, how can activity be fulfilling? Thus there is an almost inevitable split between thought and action. Thought may be free, but activity is controlled; stated educational objectives may be ethical, but actions immoral. The thoughts and feelings engendered by liberal education—the cultural enrichment we offer the young—become ideological masks for the politics of those who rule.

And the best of our students know this. They know that their studies are divorced from meaningful activity. They know that their courses are not intended to further their self-development; rather they become a part of the students' property, their capital. Their knowledge—technical or humanistic—makes them a product. As the material and cultural embodiments of this knowledge grow—and recall, these embodiments are products of man's self-formation, actualizations of his ideas—our practical activities, in a most ironic fashion, become ever more faintly related to our thoughts and feelings; their connection to the meaningful development of ideas and passions becomes more and more tenuous. Consciousness has once more played us for the destructive fools we are. For the object of a liberal education, we tell ourselves, is the fulfillment of individual capacities, of ideas and passions. Through such fulfillment, we assume, men can become whole, sane, peaceful and free—that is, humane.

But the split we have created in the student's life has allowed him to see his education for what it is. He knows that his studies—especially those in the humanities, he is informed by our managers—make him a more valuable piece of private property. He knows that his labor in the classroom transforms him into an object; that he makes of himself a product.

Since it is the student himself who becomes the product of his own labor, he is in tension with himself; he is split. He sells those treasures which, we have taught him, best represent his humanity—that is, his civilization, his culture, his liberal education. And so he is at war with his own being, for the battle over this piece of private property is a battle over himself. For the best of our students the study of the humanities creates a more intense consciousness of this situation. Indeed, self-knowledge creates a condition which puts that very education—the act of preparing oneself for one's role—beyond endurance. What truly

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liberally educated human being can bear to be a commodity with consciousness?

Such are the ends of a liberal education—or at least one of the unintended ends. In their attempt to use the traditional liberal arts to gain social consent, our managers have created a situation where students must risk their sanity in order to enact the lessons of their education; or they must turn into commodities, accommodating themselves—consciously or otherwise—to the lie on which their education is based.

In seeking alternatives, the educator's first impulse is to suggest curricular reform: jiggle the mechanism a bit, make a great-books course out of freshman composition, even have them reading Norman Mailer and Mao Tse-tung. Such reforms, we assume, will effect a fundamental change in the lives of our students. I doubt it. Changes in the curriculum—though often valuable and necessary—may have the ultimate effect of making the acculturating mechanisms more efficient. They may make the beast more cultured, but will not change its objectives. To break out of Weber's cage, to face the imperatives of fundamental change without dogma—if these are the conditions to which we hope our students will aspire, we shall need a most fundamental critique of the very social basis and function of higher education. Much academic political science will serve as an example. Aside from its more gross involvements with the CIA, the field's major object is to put government *policy*—unlike the more trivial matter of its *execution*—beyond criticism: to harden ideologies like the "national interest" into unassailable dogmas. Political science has done its job well, for it has succeeded in putting real political inquiry beyond the pale of academic respectability. This situation will not be changed by curricular reforms alone. If students are once more to ask meaningful questions about the state, and if they are to meet these questions with programs they can translate into action, the very *ends* we set for political science will have to be changed. [See "Political Science Discovers Politics," *The Nation*, September 23.]

The objective of a liberal education, it seems to me, should be the harmonious reconciliation of philosophy (that is, our ways of thinking), action and nature (the world; what there is). This condition is possible only when we do not feel estranged from the products of our thoughts and actions, when we do not feel separated from the nature we have helped to create. Unhappily, industrial capitalism is rooted in these divisions. In our divided state philosophy (our principles of education) must not be allowed to become an integral expression of culture; it must not serve to rationalize the divisions induced by the industrial system. It can remain philosophy, rather than ideology, only as it is *critical*. And so for the humanities or liberal arts.

How is this criticism to be expressed? Most often, I suspect, in acts which appear irrational, if not deranged. On October 16, 1967, while watching nearly 300 students turning in their draft cards at Arlington Street Church in Boston, I understood—and was saddened by that understanding—that these young men were involved in a desperate act of rejecting a civilization. The moral outrage required for this heroic act is disfiguring; it warps one's sense of reality; it too makes one's view of the world partial. Yet this seemingly mad act of rejecting an illegitimate and immoral authority was really an attempt to relate thought to action; to assert that the products of one's actions are one's own; that freedom—or at least the struggle for it—is a human necessity. Saying "Hell, no, we won't go!" is one way for the student to expose the lie of his education. Exploiting the class privilege of one's college deferment is, after all, a moral fraud—a fraud to which higher education not only closes its eyes but which it encourages. Ironically, in their act of criticism, in their act of rejection in willfully separating themselves from society these draft resisters tried to assert their wholeness.

Yet what of the madness of this act? Recent studies of schizophrenics have shown that insanity may provide the morally sensitive with the only means of staying alive in a disordered world. The ordering principle imposed by insanity on destructive chaos keeps one from suicide. This is one way of relating thought to action; or, more simply, to *act*—rather than turning inward self-destructively. Yet there is an alternative to pathology. And the students who take their education seriously and resist the draft have pointed to that alternative. Our ordering principle as educators must be criticism or, going further, counteraction, resistance. This may not sound much like the detachment, the wholeness, we associate with the humanities. Indeed, we know criticism tends to induce disorder and most of its serious practitioners often act like uncivilized madmen. But consider that the only real choice may be whether to be mad (though civilized) on society's terms, or on one's own.

If resistance be madness, it is at least human madness, not the rationalized lunacy of an abstract process. If our students are to retain—or perhaps discover—their humanity, they will have to oppose the system of acculturation and spiritual servitude which our colleges encourage. And opposition to abstractions constantly tempts one into irrational confrontations; the bars of the cage are beyond rationality.

Surely, the truly humanistic educator must strive to create a world which does not demand of our students acts of madness as the price for spiritual wholeness. Our primary need then is not for a liberal education but for one which is actively committed to an end. If we are to break out of the empty rhetoric of liberal educational reform, scholarship may need to become allied with activism.

Activism on what front? Not on the campus alone. For one thing, the university is not the place where students and their teachers are most likely to liberate themselves from the shackles of ideology. For higher education's institutional nature has shaped it into an instrument of perpetuation for our most cherished—that is, humanistic—ideologies: the university and most of its faculty has a vested interest to protect. And if we are to take Richard Hofstadter's commencement address at Columbia as an index, that vested interest will be defended against campus activists in the name of free scholarly inquiry. For it is the student strikers, Professor Hofstadter would have us believe, who are the chief threat to the values of humane scholarship.

Those scholars concerned with liberating themselves from such academic dogma and effecting fundamental change in the role played by the liberal arts, might have to begin by forming political groupings (such as the New University Conference) which create alliances both within and outside the university. These groupings will have to gain a sense of identity by taking clear, strong and public stances on the most important moral issues which confront our students: Vietnam, the draft, race, poverty, the nature of higher education, the uses of scholarship. Or to go deeper: American imperialism, war itself, the function of private property, sex and aggression. What is more, analyses should be complemented by meaningful political action. Such activity may, in some cases, involve divisions within the faculty. But this surely

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must be the first step if our philosophy is to relate to our acts. Some things cannot—and must not—be smoothed over. Surely one thing our students must learn is to take their thoughts seriously.

The special urgency and occasional violence of the students' demands for university reform derive, I think, from an intuition that the liberal arts, rather than being the property of educational establishments, should embody our civilization's highest achievements. This intuition makes the integration of the liberal arts into the students' daily lives a condition toward which they (and we) desperately yearn. Yet if we are to see the object as it is, in Matthew Arnold's sense, we must look at the liberal arts within their social context. If liberal education is to perform its proper function—to help the students see things as they are, to face them humanely and freely—then that education must be placed within an appropriate social context. Creating this context becomes, consequently, the foremost task for the liberal arts.

This involves a transformation of consciousness, a transformation which must be radical—that is, it must take hold at the root. To reach this goal, the economic and social conditions which enslave our students must also be radically transformed. Is this possible inside our educational institutions? Within the imperatives of our social system? I doubt it. Yet our society is being shaken; it changes radically in spite of ourselves, and in spite of our universities. Though we have no clear answers or directives for action, we must make the attempt. For only in the attempt will our analyses unfold, our activity become consciously meaningful.

Leaping Ahead of Theory

TOM NAIRN

Mr. Nairn is the co-author of a study of the May events in France which will be published in England under the title The Beginning of the End: France, 1968, *and is at present at work on a study of Marshall McLuhan. Mr. Nairn's work appears in* New Society.

It will be a very long time before an acceptable history of the 1968 May revolution is written. The originality, the importance, and the continuing life of the "events" all insure this.

But what has already begun is a swelling torrent of *debate* about May, which is certain to have a profound effect upon political and social thought and action everywhere in the West. The first few landmarks have now appeared.

Two studies, in fact, stand out head and shoulders above the tide of more ephemeral literature, and point the way to strikingly different interpretations of May. One might label them as respectively the classical Marxist view, and the "sociological" counter-view.

The first is brilliantly conveyed in André Glucksmann's *Stratégie et Révolution en France 1968* (Christian Bourgois), and the other in a collection of essays by three sociologists, Edgar Morin, Claude Lefort and Jean-Marc Coudray, called *Mai 1968: la Brèche* (Fayard).

Glucksmann's thesis is trenchantly re-expressed in his concluding sentences:

> The May struggles demonstrate the revolt of modern productive forces against bourgeois relations of production. In the last century, no movement has come closer to what Marx had in mind in 1848.

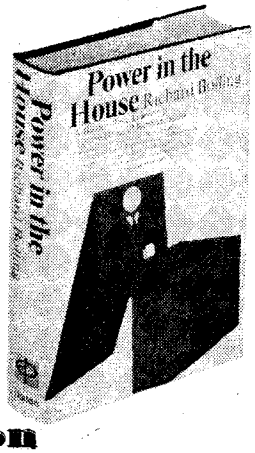
The May revolution was the beginning of the great apocalypse foreseen in *The Communist Manifesto*, the violent end to man's prehistory that would occur when capitalism had reached its fullest point of development.

Obviously this argument runs directly counter to that of the French Communist party (PCF), which maintained throughout that there was no "revolutionary situation" in May, and no likelihood of one in the foreseeable future. Therefore the revolutionaries were wild "adventurists" inhabiting a dream world, and wisdom lay in going back to work. Glucksmann's answer is that, in Marxist terms, it was the PCF which was living out the dream—exactly as, in a former era, the German Social-Democratic Party had done, until the cruel moment of truth in August, 1914. Then they were abruptly revealed (to the amazement of Lenin, among others) as staunch pillars of bourgeois society. Their revolutionary ideology had been merely the mask of an increasingly conservative practice. May, 1968, was in fact "the August 4th of the Parti Communiste Français. . . ."

It is amusing to see the PCF flayed with a hail of quotes from Marx, Engels and Lenin. But the method has its limits. However well the apparatus of Marxist scholarship is employed, the overall effect is inevitably that of suggesting that there was nothing really novel about the May events. The overwhelming impression of originality, the immense surprise of what happened, was due to our forgetfulness of the truths in *The Communist Manifesto* and certain other key texts. And while Glucksmann argues convincingly that May was much closer to these classic ideas of revolution than was realized at the time (and certainly very much closer than the muscle-bound PCF bureaucracy imagined), he falls down badly on the elementary point of what was *different* about May.

Most obvious was the new role of the students. This was certainly not envisaged in any of the great Marxist statements about revolution. Glucksmann is therefore forced to say that the student

Who runs Congress?



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I lean on the notched
stick of my spine
as the sun machine
is cranked down.
The angelus peals.
Across furrows
sown with seeds
that will not mature,
I watch my charred
shadow grow
as though I were a gnomon
that casts hours on stone.
This is not so.
Dripless candles
leave no
trace at windows,
yet my sturdy dog
will lead me home
in the dark
to dream of harvests
preserved, under glass,
in a museum with an asbestos
dome. They say Time,
a grim balm,
will soothe burns
delivered without heat.

CAROLYN STOLOFF

movement "*took the place* of the missing revolutionary organization and theory," and did what they should have done "as far as it was able to." Hence, the student *avant-garde* of Nanterre and the Sorbonne was a substitute for the real thing—and presumably would have been unnecessary, had the "real thing" actually existed.

To this, one must object that there was no *absence* of revolutionary organizations and theories in France—on the contrary, as in many other countries, there was a plethora of them—Trotskyite, Maoist and many others. And the point is, it is simply not conceivable that any one, or any assortment of them could have done what the student explosion accomplished.

The reason is, that the student movement represented new forces, new needs, falling outside the classic Marxist framework of ideas which they all defended in so many different ways (much more intelligently than the PCF). So, it is absurd not to recognize that this framework has to be significantly developed, to take account of the facts of May. In a sense quite admissible to Marxists, practice has leapt ahead of theory, and theory must catch up. Glucksmann admits as much later, when he states that the students also crystallize most *directly* the contradiction between productive forces and productive relations, between the living force of labor and the dead, constricting weight of capital. Hence their ability to function as a "detonator" of the revolution. But if this is indeed true in modern society, then in certain vital respects the world has changed out of all recognition since 1848. There has been a profound mutation of social reality, which the May revolution simply manifested openly and dramatically for the first time. And it is surely the first task of any explanation to grasp the nature of the change.

This is where the sociologists come off better. Glucksmann's remains a neat, combative political analysis: it lies within that French tradition, whose essentially political character Marx both admired and sharply criticized. Morin and his colleagues, on the other hand, place their emphasis on the originality of May, and on the social changes behind the upheaval.

Morin's two long essays appeared serially in *Le Monde*, as the events occurred. They are among the most extraordinary journalism of recent times, commentary both vivid and reflective, enlivened by anthropological and sociological insights. Morin is also the author of a number of other studies in sociology and media, notably an extensive analysis of change in a Brittany village, *Commune en France: la métamorphose de Plodémet* (Fayard).

For Morin and the others, the new leverage which rebellious students and other intellectual strata have obtained over society reflects an underlying change in the social equilibrium. The May cataclysm first showed clearly (in Morin's words):

> . . . the drama of modern bourgeois society, or "industrial society." The old traditional values which modelled bourgeois societies in the past have been progressively eaten away by a materialistic dynamism, by the concentration of all values on private individualism —that is, by a kind of nihilism . . . which leaves finally an extraordinarily soft, protoplasmic society, a society with a very feeble sense of community . . . ready to crumble away at the first serious shock.

Within this decaying order, the older working class has become of less significance. However, at the same time, a process of general "proletarianization" has occurred. And this has transferred the main cutting edge of social contradiction from factory workers to those engaged in nonmaterial production: administration, media, the information and culture industries.

Thus, it may still be true that the forces of production conflict with the social relations of production; but the forces are very different, and so are the relations. So therefore is the revolution. It may be the Western social revolution vaguely foreseen by Marxists; but it is very different from what Marx had in mind in 1848.

Forms of "mental" production become more and more important under late capitalism. And while within the apparatus of material production the worst contradictions of the bureaucratic, authoritarian system are held in check by the elemental needs of the production process itself, and by a well-worked-out institutional order (trade unions, etc.), *outside* it they run wild. They are felt most keenly of all in the huge modern workshops of nonmaterial production, among the "apprentice" laborers of the universities.

This then is what the students "crystallize," this is why they are no longer a secondary, marginal social grouping. As Coudray puts it, it is *precisely* the things which render student agitation unimportant to the *Times* or to orthodox CP communism that in fact make it important:

> It is quite superficial to see in the "limbo" of student "irresponsibility" merely a passing condition of life, soon left behind. . . . This condition is in fact ultra-typical of modern society, where everyone inhabits a "limbo" of growing "irresponsibility," under an authoritarianism that pretends to be something else, equipped with empty formal "rights" and no real power, confronting derisory jobs perceived as such . . . all in a material "security" accompanied by an "objectless" anxiety.

True, the student revolt and what comes from it also looks to the past, and carries the red and black flags. But revolutionaries have always done this, as they created a new world, disguising the future in the clothes of the past. Rather than as re-creators of the classic Marxist revolution, the May revolutionaries must be seen as the harbingers, the first stage, of a new 1789 qualitatively different from the revolts of the past two centuries.

Wherever the truth lies in this debate, some people may want to recall the facts, and the atmosphere of May, rather than plunge into interpretation. There is a first-rate collection of pictures from the photographers of the excellent GAMMA agency, sympathetically presented by Philippe Labro: *Les Barricades de Mai* (ed. Solar). And there are two good collections of the extraordinary wall writings and poster slogans of the revolution: *Les Murs ont la Parole* (ed. Tchou), and *L'Imagination au Pouvoir* (ed. Eric Losfeld, Le Terrain Vague). [See also "Revolution on the Walls," *The Nation*, August 5.] These are all the things that will survive.

By the way, the outside-left Situation-

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ist group—responsible for a lot of the best revolutionary graffiti—have also produced a first inimitable version of the May happenings. In their version, realizing that police brutality isn't paying off, the government orders in the Special Sociological Integration Brigades. Their job is to soften revolutionary fiber by getting people to read books and see movies again ("Lisez! Vous allez à la mort!"). Their special agent zips through the Latin Quarter defending "culture," buying up the latest Foucault, and dragging people to see the latest Godard. The cultural front is held, and the revolution founders. Everything reverts to normal ("Not bad, our new Prof!," "Have you read Marcuse? Really excellent!"). It's called *La Contestation Aliénée* by Hubert Tonka (J-J. Pauvert).

Advances and Retreats

NAACP: A History of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Vol. I, 1909-1920. *By Charles Flint Kellogg. The Johns Hopkins Press. 332 pp. $8.75.*

LOUIS RUCHAMES
Mr. Ruchames is chairman of the History Department at the University of Massachusetts (Boston). He edited The Abolitionists: A Collection of Their Writings *(Putnam).*

This book may never be a bestseller but it is an important contribution to our understanding of Negro history and civil rights. It is the first of a two-volume history of the NAACP, by Charles Flint Kellogg, chairman of the Department of History at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa. Judging by the first volume, this sober study, when completed, should take its place as the most detailed history of the NAACP, and scholars will mine its information for years to come.

The America of 1909, into which the NAACP was born, was hardly conducive to the growth of a vigorous organization devoted to the protection of the Negro's civil rights or to the advancement of racial equality. The condition of the Negro was far worse than it had been forty or so years earlier during Reconstruction. Segregation and discrimination pervaded the South, while discrimination was taken for granted in the North; few voices were raised to condemn the terror, lynchings and burnings which were being used to keep the Negro in his place; and a belief in Negro racial inferiority dominated the minds of scholars as well as the man in the street. Only the sense of outrage of a few white radicals, some of whom had ancestral ties to the Abolitionist past, and a handful of Negroes whose spirits were not subdued by allegiance to the philosophy of accommodation of Booker T. Washington, provided the impetus to the formation of the new organization.

Kellogg presents, in great detail, the early tentative attempts at organization, in response to the Springfield, Ill., race riot of August, 1908; the efforts of such Socialist-oriented men and women as William English Walling, a wealthy former Southerner, Mary White Ovington, a social worker, Charles Edward Russell, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, and Oswald Garrison Villard, the fighting editor of *The New York Evening Post* and later *The Nation,* anti-imperialist, and grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. These were soon joined by such Negro leaders as Bishop Alexander Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Rev. William Henry Brooks of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the incomparable W.E.B. DuBois, then professor at Atlanta University. With more than fifty other prominent Americans, they called for the National Negro Conference, which convened in New York on May 31 and June 1, 1909, and which led to the permanent organization of the NAACP in 1910.

Some of the problems which faced the new organization, e.g., the choice of a name, were relatively simple; others were more complex and have yet to be solved. These included the relationship of *The Crisis,* the official organ of the NAACP, and its editor, DuBois, who was also an officer of the NAACP, to the organization's board of directors. The question of DuBois' right to take issue with national NAACP policy in *The Crisis* was frequently vexing. It was no nearer solution at the end of the first decade than at the beginning. In fact, as DuBois has reported in his *Autobiography,* it ultimately led to his resignation from *The Crisis* and from the association in 1934.

Another issue concerned the relative roles of whites and blacks in organizational leadership, policy making and day-to-day activities. From time to time, Negroes charged that the NAACP was dominated by whites, as it certainly was during its early years. DuBois, in conflicts with certain white leaders of the association, especially Oswald Garrison Villard, sometimes ascribed his differences to the "color line." Behind this accusation lay the fundamental question, which has come increasingly to the fore in our own day, whether an organization devoted to the civil and political rights of the Negro ought to have whites in its membership and leadership. The NAACP's achievements during the first ten years of existence—its growth from a minuscule group to 310 branches and 91,203 members, with more than half of them in the South; the many court cases it initiated and sometimes won; its public protests against federal, state and local discrimination against Negroes, which sometimes produced results; its efforts to mold public opinion in opposition to discrimination and segregation—provided proof of the efficacy and need for an organization which, though predominantly black, has included whites in its membership and leadership, with both races cooperating to achieve justice and rights for the Negro.

Yet one may also ask whether Negroes have not paid a price for the NAACP's success in terms of their own ultimate welfare. The aims of the NAACP were devoted to the elimination of racial discrimination, to the welfare of the Negro as an individual American. In a sense, its object was to reduce the Negro ghetto by providing for equality of opportunity and integration. It did not, to any extent, address itself to problems of the Negro ghetto per se, its economic, educational and political improvement as a segregated community within a community. The concept of Black Power, whatever else it may be, is an effort to wrestle with these very problems which for so long were overlooked.

Finally one of the most important early problems which has still to be solved is the political posture of the NAACP, its policy toward political parties and candidates, as well as its attitude toward broader social and political problems which ultimately impinge upon the welfare of the Negro and his civil rights. The failure of the NAACP to condemn the Vietnamese War had a parallel in its failure to oppose the First World War. At that time, by its demand that Negroes be permitted to participate fully in all branches of the armed forces, it directly supported the war, though some of its individual leaders were either

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pacifists or considered the war an imperialist one. In view of the detrimental impact of that war, and especially its aftermath, upon Negro welfare, one may argue that in the long run, despite the hazards involved, it might have been far better to condemn the war than to support it.

Unfortunately, Kellogg does not directly confront any of these issues. Indeed, here lies the essential weakness of the book. Its author presents a multitude of facts concerning the history of the NAACP, but he does not attempt to evaluate its philosophy and strategy, its failures and successes, in the perspective of history. The result is that though he provides us with a very detailed, dispassionate and scholarly study, he diminishes its importance by avoiding the historian's rightful tasks of evaluation and interpretation.

SLAVE LANGUAGE

Is it possible, for example, for a white southern gentleman to tune in on the impulses, beliefs, emotions, and thought-patterns of a black slave? This miracle of empathy entails an imaginative leap not only into history, but across cultures. It necessitates that writer divorcing himself from that vast mythic tradition about slavery, black people, and history which is so integral a part of his background. Then he has to devise a literary idiom through which to record his insights, since the gentleman and the slave lack common language or experience.

When black people were brought to America they were deprived of their language and of the underpinnings in cultural experience out of which a language comes. It is clear that they developed two languages, one for themselves and another for the white masters. The latter has been preserved ("parodied" is a better word) as the "Sambo" dialect in the works of southern dialect humorists—and even in Samuel Clemens at times—to whom it was often simply quaint and humorous. The only vestiges we can find of the real language of the slaves are in the few spirituals which have come down to us, which give a clue to its true tenor. It is a language produced by oppression, but one whose central impulse is survival and resistance. And it is undoubtedly the language in which Turner's rebellion and the countless other plots for insurrection were formulated. Anyone who has been privileged to catch the performance of a good black preacher in the rural South (or has heard Martin Luther King talking to a black audience) understands something of the range and flexibility of this language. Lacking complicated syntactical structure and vast vocabulary, it depends on what linguists call paralanguage; that is, gesture, physical expression, and modulation of cadences and intonation which serve to change the meaning—in incredibly subtle ways—of the same collection of words. It is intensely poetic and expressive, since vivid simile, creative and effective juxtaposition of images, and metaphor must serve in the absence of large vocabulary to cause the audience to see and feel. It is undoubtedly a language of action rather than a language of reflection, and thus more available to the dramatist than the novelist.

But the characterization of Nat Turner requires some literary approximation of this language. Yet Mr. Styron's Nat speaks, or rather meditates in no language at all. His creator places in his mouth a sterile and leaden prose that not even massive transfusions of Old Testament rhetoric can vitalize, a strange fusion of Latinate classicism, a kind of New England Episcopalian prissiness. At times it would seem that Mr. Styron was trying, for whatever reason, to imitate the stodgy "official" prose of the nineteenth-century lawyer who recorded the original confessions, at other times Nat sounds like nothing so much as a conscious parody of the prose voice of James Baldwin, the Negro Mr. Styron knows best, or Faulkner at his least inspired. This is not to say that the prose is not clear, even elegant in a baroque Victorian way, especially in the functionally inexplicable passages of nature writing that continuously interrupt the narrative. But, finally, it is the language of the essay, heavy and declarative.

From an essay by Mike Thelwell, in *William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond*, edited by John Henrik Clarke (Beacon Press), a collection of pieces of special interest to those concerned with the continuing controversy centering on the best-selling novel.

Book Marks

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is the author of In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town. *His current book is a novel,* An Orderly Life *(both Pantheon).*

VENCEREMOS! The Speeches and Writings of Ernesto Che Guevara. *Edited and with an introduction by John Gerassi. Macmillan. 442 pp. $7.95.*

The editor, an admirer of Che, is proud of the fact that this large anthology was put together in one month. He is, no doubt, quite sincere when he states that one will find in Che's articles "clichés, misstatements, and factual errors, not to mention sheer bad writing," and in claiming Che for the Love Generation. For the first statement, his authority must be the dreadful translations he has rushed into print; for the second, God alone knows; but it is simply the reverse of that view which presents Che as cold and ruthless. Nevertheless, this book is the most comprehensive of the several now on the market. It contains thirty-five pieces, arranged chronologically. They are not only descriptive essays on the history of the Cuban revolution, Che's speeches at international conferences, but also his theoretical exhortations on the proper economic and spiritual development of socialism—those views that have made him the ideological leader of the new generation of revolutionaries. The book is fittingly climaxed by the much quoted but little understood "Message to the Tricontinental." This last is the "What Is To Be Done" of the Third World, but written with a command of rhetoric that was never Lenin's—or was he, too, badly translated?

CHE GUEVARA SPEAKS. *Edited by George Lavan. Merit Publishers. 159 pp. $1.95 paper. Grove Press. 95c paper.*

An unpretentious little collection that is concise and pointed in the way it slashes through Che's speeches and writings to get to those statements and analyses that challenge the orthodox contemporary Communists. The translations are no better—perhaps worse—than the Gerassi collection, and almost every piece in it can be found in the larger anthology; so it must be the price, its modesty, and the dry tone of its editor's comments that make it more appealing. Certainly, it seems less of a potpourri and is likely to be more useful to those who want a quick look at Che's views.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR. *By Ernesto*

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Che Guevara. Translated by Victoria Ortiz. Monthly Review Press. 287 pp. $6.95. Grove Press. $1.25 paper.

EPISODES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. *By Ernesto Che Guevara. International Publishers. 144 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.65.*

The problems in translating Che are exemplified in the handling of the title of this work, which also appears in the Gerassi collection as "The Revolutionary War." The original title is *Pasajes de la Guerra Revolucionaria* (or *Passages from the Revolutionary War*) which in Spanish subsumes that these are significant scenes. The official Cuban translation, used by International Publishers, comes closest with *Episodes*, though that word perhaps emphasizes disconnectedness too much. It seems picky to deal this way with the several editions, but the fact is that Che was a very careful writer and this work, along with the Bolivian diary, most deserves a translation to match Che's exact sense of the meaning and affective reverberations of words, for it is his admittedly personal view of individuals and incidents encountered in the fighting in the Sierra Maestra—all of it, of course, yielding lessons he felt were valuable for future fighters.

The Monthly Review version, despite its absurd title—Che was incapable of the self-indulgence of reminiscing—is the smoothest reading (though translated from the French), and it also contains some thirteen chapters more than the others. These last are articles issued both before and after publication in Cuba of the original book. Monthly Review, which gives no byline to an editor, has apparently taken over the Maspero French edition without explaining why it is switching chapters around; it also throws in—as goodies—twenty-six letters by Che, Castro's eulogy at the Havana ceremony, and a biographical sketch taken from the Cuban newspaper *Granma*.

But instead of being grateful, one is tempted to decry the publisher's sloppiness, its air of doing the reader a favor when, in fact, it is simply rushing into the market place like any publisher with a campaign biography. The International Publishers' edition is more straightforward; for example, it adds four articles by Che, in which he gives a précis of the military history of the revolution, and details their source. The Monthly Review edition has transformed these articles into two chapters which appear (with no explanation and, in one case, cut) at the beginning and end of the book. None of the three versions of this simple, beautiful, politically prophetic book is satisactory but International Publishers, with its honest reproduction of the text, its explanatory and biographical notes, does best.

GUERRILLA WARFARE. *By Che Guevara. Translated by J. P. Morray. Prefatory note by I. F. Stone. Vintage Books. 133 pp. $1.65 paper.*

A reissue of the handbook on guerrilla warfare which, combined with the *Episodes*, is the best history, discussion and analysis of the insurrectionary phase of the Cuban Revolution yet written. Reading it anew, one is surprised to see how true Che and Castro have been to their original experiences, for in this lively little book appears in pristine form the theory of armed insurrection as the only way to achieve the revolution. It is undogmatic, tentative, wary of setting up formulas—in other words, more than aware that revolutions have to be created, not duplicated—and one wishes those journalists who have been instructing Che's corpse in maxims about the inexportability of revolutions would read it. They might learn that Che was at least as smart as they. The translation by J. P. Morray is excellent. The prefatory note, an article published in the *New Statesman* by I. F. Stone when Che died, is ignorant (post 1959 Cuba had become boring) and tasteless (Che was Galahad not Robespierre). The short time since Che's death has already made the article irrelevant, but it is galling, nevertheless, to find ensconced in a great revolutionary's handbook for the liberation of a continent, an elitist liberal saying that "stupidity is humanity's most salient characteristic."

MY FRIEND CHE. *By Ricardo Rojo. Translated by Julian Casart. The Dial Press. 220 pp. $4.95.*

Like Stone, Rojo may not always grasp what Che was trying to do; he has other faults too: he speculates with insufficient evidence, makes assertions without naming sources, writes hurriedly, gets some facts wrong. All that, but he never patronizes Che, he can never be a gringo and, consequently, never tasteless. Rojo, an old friend of Che's, tells best the story of those years of their relationship before Che set off on the *Granma* to invade Cuba, and Rojo returned to Argentina after the fall of Perón. It's the story of a whole Latin American generation wandering throughout the continent in exile or in search of adventure, and Rojo, who put his faith in Frondizi, sounds the note so often heard from the activists of his generation: that armed struggle against puppet governments—a clean sweep—is the only way to achieve even the simplest reforms. Rojo was the attorney for the Argentinian artist captured with Régis Debray and knows a great deal about the actions of the guerrillas in Bolivia, but the publication of Che's diary has rubbed off the novelty of these revelations. Nevertheless, his book is always interesting, always compassionate, and the portrait he achieves of Che is full-bodied and convincing. There's an especially fine sheaf of snapshots in the book, some taken by Rojo in Cuba in 1961. My favorites are those showing Che and his wife cutting cane.

THE COMPLETE BOLIVIAN DIARIES OF CHE GUEVARA. *Edited and with an introduction by Daniel James. Stein & Day. 330 pp. $6.95.*

THE DIARY OF CHE GUEVARA. *Bantam Books. 191 pp. $1.25 paper.*

The Stein & Day edition, which includes the diaries of three other Cuban members of the guerrilla group, is the best one available in English; the translation is better, the identification of the members of the group, the chronology of events—all are very helpful (though the translator is not given, nor any information as to how the diaries were obtained). But the 69-page introduction by Daniel James, former managing editor of *The New Leader*, is as apt as having Lenin's *State and Revolution* interpreted by a not too talented follower of Kerensky. The Bantam-Ramparts edition is worth getting for the introduction by Castro who, though reticent about many aspects of the formation of the guerrilla band,

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is eloquent and candid about its objectives.

Che's diary brings one closer to his mind and person than any of his previous writings or speeches, an experience no one living in our time should miss. Of the others, the 24-year-old Rolando's is most affecting; he'd been a boy when he acted as a messenger in Che's column when it took Santa Clara, the battle that convinced Batista to pack and leave, and he followed Che to Bolivia. To see him on sentry duty in the diary's opening pages, thinking of his family, enjoying the beautiful scenery and reading Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, is to encounter the human values that have brought him and others to this difficult terrain to make the continental revolution. Che's diary, written for himself, tells all by indirection, though its surface is the detailing of facts and plans and the analyses (once each month) of the group's activities; it is hard to explain why all these should be so interesting and why, knowing the guerrillas' end, it should all have such suspense. The Archbishop in Sartre's *The Devil and the Good Lord* interrupts a messenger's account of a battle won with the words: "A victory described in detail is indistinguishable from a defeat." The reverse seems true: the account of the trials, sufferings, death of these men throbs with the triumphant spirit of the coming revolution in Latin America.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Warrendale is surely one of the most extraordinary, one of the most moving and fascinating, documentaries ever made. It was directed by Allan King for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, was shown last year at the New York Film Festival, and is now being released commercially by Grove Press.

Warrendale was a school for seriously disturbed children (not mentally deficient but psychologically distraught), organized on the house plan with a staff member for every three or four of the young, predominantly adolescent patients. The ratio of staff to children is none too great—there are moments when these young men and women look on the edge of physical and mental exhaustion. They create families, acting themselves the roles of mothers and fathers and insisting that the children see themselves as belonging and valued. These "parents" offer love, provide discipline, play games, heal bruises, exorcise fears. They are capable of descending to the kids' level, screaming back at the screams they endure. But they never hit back.

Instead, a child in physical passion is held. What this means at times is that three staff members are spread-eagled on the floor, clinging to arms and legs, cradling a head, being spit upon and cursed, avoiding teeth and nails. They hold and at last the nightmare passes.

Nothing that happens at Warrendale will seem incomprehensible to parents of "normal" children. All children have tantrums, all children are irrational, stubborn, rude and hateful in their despair. But misery this intense, violence this extreme does not strike many households. Any one of these children could destroy a normal family.

When a cook who had been close to the kids dies, the house must be told. Five minutes later, every adult in the room is wrestling to the last ounce of his strength to prevent the most excitable of the children from damaging themselves and their companions. The floor is writhing with bodies; some of the other children help with a curiously dispassionate tact. Why this tumult? Because the frantic ones fear that their own beloved staff members will die, because they are haunted by the belief that they in some way killed the woman (why else did she die?). It is all familiar enough, but on the level of a heroic combat of terror and love.

These children are also endearing; affectionate, sometimes generous, often merry. In a terrible way, they are more vivid, more alive than any normal children. The staff is superb beyond comment. And so, indeed, is the picture. I cannot imagine what ingenuity went into its filming; I am in awe of the compassion and taste with which it was done.

Should it have been done? Is there something suspect about this terrible excitement? It can be argued, but I feel myself that the beauty of what happened at Warrendale should be known. And quite seriously I think that any parent could learn from the firm grace and courage of the Warrendale staff.

The school no longer exists as it was when this film was made, but the theories of its founder, Dr. John Brown, are now being applied in several centers across Canada. These theories are still in psychiatric controversy; it is not yet certain that this incredible dedication will produce a percentage of cures high enough to justify the human expenditure. Some hope may be taken from the fact that one of the most violent and tragic girls in the small group filmed by King is now out in the world, herself engaged in social work.

Despite the far-out implications of the advertising, *Duffy* romps down the middle of the upper-class British heist. Two half-brothers, bullied into surly malevolence by their tycoon father (James Mason) determine to rob him of a million pounds to the end of enriching themselves and embarrassing him in a moment of financial chicanery. The scheme involves piracy aboard a vessel outward bound from Tangiers, and the strategy, *Topkapi* style, is based on witty complication of technical devices. The action detonates into a fusillade of double and triple crosses, ending in rueful laughter.

Onto this useful wagon is applied a psychedelic patina in the popular department-store mode. The elder son (James Fox) is a poisonous flower child, hiding an agile mind behind languishments of lace and flowing locks; the younger (John Alderton) looks like Paul McCartney with a mean streak. Available sex is supplied by Susannah York, who says "groovy" often enough to remind us of what decade we are in. On the Costa del Sol these three enlist Duffy (James Coburn), a larcenous beach bum recently retired to Zen contemplation. His contributions to the authentic lingo are "cool" and "man." It's wonderful how script writers get the hang of the argot—however the Mediterranean scenery is authentic and beautiful. And the assemblages with which Duffy has transformed his Moorish-quarters apartment into a psychotic nightmare are entertaining; they look like Marisols gone necrophiliac.

There is no deep virtue to the film, but it has a lively, grinning surface and the players go at the nonsense as though they enjoyed spending their considerable talents so frivously.

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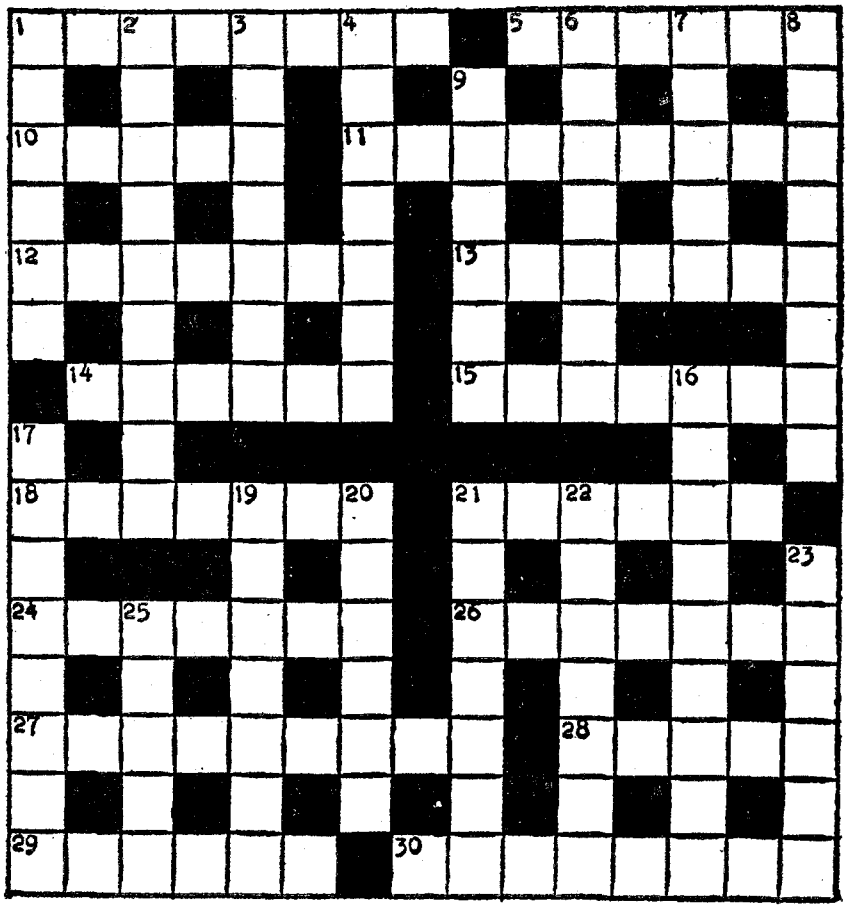
Crossword Puzzle No. 1265

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Patriot state? Like the clergyman rather. (8)
5 See 10
10 and 5 Australian perhaps, if sober, who might appear in Hamlet. (5, 6)
11 Related to a flower pot? (9)
12 One way of striking out. (7)
13 A spread put on for show, possibly. (7)
14 and 21 across Is a confirmed bachelor so sincere? (6-6)
15 The Raphael Madonna. (7)
18 Blocks one in the revolutionary system. (7)
21 See 14 across
24 Letters of remembrance, with nothing set ajar in return, if quick. (7)
26 Abundantly supplied. (7)
27 Shade to notice, but it might prove dangerous for the driver. (5, 4)
28 Not fitted in with small living quarters. (5)
29 It brings back the mountains with quiet display. (6)
30 Only a little cunning, not heavy-hearted. (8)

DOWN

1 Solid oak flooring might be. (6)
2 A comparatively small number of Romans have the know-how, but one can live with it! (9)
3 Falling back with Roger de Coverley? (7)
4 One might be put up for the office. (7)
6 Damages. (7)
7 One degree more remote in descent. (5)
8 This old car should have been efficient in a way. (8)
9 Figures of speech when one leaves 24, in a way. (6)
16 Rather common form of eglantine. (9)
17 A writer in like attributes. (8)
19 More delicate word for guts. (7)
20 Plain dance figure, by the sound of it. (6)
21 The grammar Italians use shows the ties of a couple. (7)
22 Drawing up the fuzzy ends? It might make one less fuzzy later. (7)
23 Ordered to go by the railway guard? (6)
25 Small vessel put away, by the sound of it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1264

ACROSS: 1 Torquemada; 10 and 13 Running board; 11 Build-up; 12 Plungers; 15 and 29 Undercuts; 17 Ink bottle; 19 Isle of Man; 21 Sonic; 23 Mince; 24 Passport; 27 Teeming; 28 Arizona; 30 Advertised. DOWN: 1 and 6 across Tartrate; 2 Rankled; 3 Union; 4 Magnetism; 5 Debts; 8 Expediency; 9 Hip boots; 14 Numismatic; 16 Rhodesia; 18 King snake; 20 Lenient; 22 Narrows; 24 Paged; 25 Print; 26 and 7 down Hard and fast.

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